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The Shape of Things

ASIDE FROM A FORCE AND LIVELINESS NOT exactly characteristic in the past, the convention of the American Federation of Labor was marked by two noteworthy departures from precedent. First, its accent was on the political. Labor's League for Political Education, created for the recent election campaign, was given permanent status and a financial goal of $700,000, to be raised by voluntary contributions of ten cents per member. The plan is to have, by 1950, a trade-union political steward directing a team of volunteer workers in every one of the 110,000 voting precincts of the country. And, second, the Federation made a plea for unity with the C. I. O. that sounded for once like an invitation to an equal, not a haughty notice to the runaway that it might be accepted if it crawled back with enthusiastic self-abasement. The resolution suggested that "it is not enough for us to open the door and hope the prodigal C. I. O. will return, but . . . we should now reach out and grasp them by the hand and urge them to come back." The truth appears to be that there is less valid reason for the division than there has been at any moment since the breach. President Green put in his customary defense of the "free economy," but his opposition to price control, as a matter of principle, was feeble and unconvincing. It was practically wiped out by George Meany's statement that the Federation was not against price control if voluntary means fail. On all other major issues, from federal aid for schools to a Missouri Valley Authority, the two great labor bodies see eye to eye—especially since Philip Murray saw fit to read the riot act to the Communists on the eve of the C. I. O's convention in Portland, Oregon. Both organizations, eager to prove that November 2 was not a fluke, have a nervous eye on 1950. They can be expected to pull together in the common purpose of convincing the politicians that there really is a labor vote and that it's here to stay.

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AS PERIODIC CRITICS OF THE COURTS, EVEN the highest, we gladly concede the right of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to "peacefully, patiently, and perseveringly work" for revision of what it regards as the Supreme Court's "ominously extensive interpretation" of the First Amendment. Naturally, the bishops who last week signed a statement of intention to this effect will appreciate the fact that they are engaged in a dispute over one of the most fundamental concepts of American government, intimately affecting the lives of all citizens. They must accordingly expect their campaign to meet with the most determined kind of opposition, and they are morally bound to avoid branding that opposition indiscriminantly as bigoted or anti-Catholic. Their long statement will bear close study, and we would not care to comment on it in a cursory way, but the chief point at issue is clearly put: Was or was not the First Amendment —prohibiting Congress from making laws "respecting an establishment of religion"—intended to achieve a separation of church and state? Specifically, should it be allowed to eliminate religion from tax-supported educational institutions, "destroying all cooperation between government and organized religion in the training of our future citizens"? In appealing to the intent of the framers of the Constitution, the bishops write off as a "misleading metaphor" Jefferson's phrase regarding "the wall of separation between church and state." Indeed, they reverse the process and suggest that the phrase can be clarified by the words of the amendment itself. To us, as to the Supreme Court, there is nothing obscure or muddy in either, and in the light of our whole history we can only wonder that the bishops should suddenly find anything "novel" in the judges' "secular" interpretation of the Constitution.

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UNTIL THE TRUMAN–MARSHALL TALKS ARE over, we shall probably not have a final formulation of the new American stand on Israel. Mr. Jessup's speech in Paris last Saturday was described as a "preliminary statement" made to enable the Political Committee to get ahead with its work. While we can assume that it represents the Administration's general position, it obviously leaves open many questions which, under later interpretation, may cause trouble. It is excellent, for example, to have the United States officially on record as opposing the provisions of the Bernadotte plan relating to the Negev, but Mr. Jessup's reference to the plan was obviously incompatible with this position. Was it perhaps inserted at the instigation of the British? Jessup's support of the original partition resolution was qualified, of course, by the proposal that if Israel wants to keep western Galilee, it should be prepared to surrender some part of the Negev. But even that sacrifice might be made by

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the Israelis in the interests of peace—as Premier Ben-Gurion later indicated—if the method of arranging the deal was a fair one; in other words, if a boundary settlement was reached through negotiation and not imposed by the United Nations as under the Bernadotte plan. Again, Jessup's recommendation that Israel be admitted to membership in the U. N. is gratifying, but its value will depend upon American vigor in backing it up. One of the American delegates told a press conference, after Jessup's speech, that of course Israel's admission "depended on the other members"—which might be taken as a hint that the United States would not press its nomination. And so, as usual, Israel's fate remains ambiguous, and will continue to be so until the loose ends of the American position are tied up by President Truman. What is needed to prevent further undermining operations is an American resolution spelling out the meaning of the Jessup statement. ✶

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ONSLAUGHT ON THE Labor Party during the steel-nationalization debate was as brilliant a piece of sustained invective as that master of invective has ever achieved. It drew excited cheers from his back-bench supporters, but we can well imagine that it left the more sober Tory leaders worried. They have learned by bitter experience that the Churchill oratorical blunderbuss is a dangerous political weapon. They know that the mixture of bitter partisanship and antediluvian economics which the ex-Premier offers is likely to prove just as unpalatable to the voters in 1950 as it did in 1945. Yet forgetting how badly his former attacks on the Labor Party as a totalitarian conspiracy flopped, Mr. Churchill, in his latest speech, accused the Socialists of pretending opposition to Communists while acting as "the handmaids and heralds of communism." Worse still, he coupled this charge with the suggestion that the Labor Party had no right to pursue Socialist policies because the country was dependent on the non-Socialist United States. "But for American aid," he declared, "there would be as much or even more unemployment under the Socialist government as there was in a similiar period after the last war. . . . This help comes because the United States, unlike His Majesty's government . . . rises above partisan advantages and in its external policy does not refuse to help a Socialist government whose ideology and system are the exact opposite of and even hostile to their system." This sounds to us remarkably like an appeal to Washington to intervene to save the British steelmasters from nationalization. We feel confident that President Truman's Administration will not do anything so foolish. But if it did, Churchill would certainly rue the day. The average Briton is grateful for American aid, but he would bitterly resent any interference with his politics and visit that resentment on any party that invited it.

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IT IS NO REFLECTION ON THE ABILITY OF Louis Stephen St. Laurent to suggest that his tenure as Prime Minister of Canada is more likely to prove an epilogue to a fading era than the introduction to a new one. Reared in the Liberal tradition of Sir Wilfred Laurier, and with no government experience save for the ministries he held under Mackenzie King, St. Laurent will endeavor to carry on in the spirit of a party that has about it a touch of the archaic. At their convention in August, Canada's Liberals appeared to go out of their way to condemn even such state interference with the country's economy as Mr. King found it necessary to attempt during the war. The emphasis was all on maximum individual freedom, reassertion of provincial rights, and, above all, freedom of international trade. When Mackenzie King announced his intention to resign last January, he did acknowledge the need for an answer to communism more dynamic than laissez faire, urging an effort "to save the world from tyranny" by taking steps "to further equality of opportunity and social justice." But in his record twenty-one years of government, his liberalism was that of a Cordell Hull rather than a Roosevelt. For all his good-will and his tactically successful administration, he never fully appreciated the rise of trade unionism in Canada or the emergence of the cooperative movement. The result was that the center of progressive politics moved on to the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. What King did succeed in doing, through the geographically peculiar structure of his party, was to secure a maximum of cooperation between English and French Canadians. Of mixed parentage, Mr. St. Laurent will undoubtedly further this unity, but in terms of the country's politics he would appear to be charged with a holding operation. As for Mr. King, he retires full of years and honors, the symbol of a long and fruitful chapter of Canadian history.

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IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF FRATERNITY—"brotherly relationship"—the members of the Amherst College chapter of Phi Kappa Psi last spring decided to bring Thomas W. Gibbs into their group. Gibbs, an outstanding member of the sophomore class, happens to be a Negro. "We want Tom with us," said the chapter's president, "because he's a great guy. We aren't interested in his race or color." So this week they are initiating Gibbs. There would seem to be nothing radical about this action, since the stated policy of the national fraternity is that the only criteria for membership are character and ability. But the stated policy and the actual policy are, apparently, quite different. The national officers of Phi Kappa Psi, after failing to persuade the Amherst chapter to drop its intention to take in Gibbs, suspended the unit, a fortnight ago, for "unfraternal conduct," of all things. For our part, we extend our congratulations to the honest and brave young men at Amherst who have set a remarkable precedent—already being followed by the members of Alpha Chi Sigma at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who last week surrendered their charter in a protest against bigoted national by-laws. . . . At the same time, we applaud the assault on Jim Crow that has been launched by the tenants of Stuyvesant Town in New York City, who were only granted leases after the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, owner of the housing development, made sure their skins were of the whitest. When a few anti-Negro letters appeared in *Town and Village,* Stuyvesant Town's weekly newspaper, some 200 readers wrote in to urge the admission of Negroes to the development. The paper is now running a poll on the question, and the results to date show 66 per cent of the tenants favoring the end of discriminatory leasing. We feel sure, however, that Metropolitan Life, although perhaps surprised by the flurry, will do nothing about the matter until forced to by the courts. A test case against the company, which enjoys partial tax exemption from the city, was lost last year in the state Supreme Court. The case comes up again in the Appellate Division at the end of this month, and we hope the decision works to the satisfaction of the majority of Stuyvesant Town's present tenants.

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THE SEISMOGRAPH AT FORDHAM MUST HAVE recorded something of a shock when Representative W. Kingsland Macy threatened the automobile dealers of the country with price controls. Representing Suffolk County, Long Island, where Democrats are all but disfranchised and New Dealers have to huddle together to sustain life, Congressman Macy is not a man to talk lightly of federal regulation. It is unlikely, in fact, that the phrase "price controls" had ever before crossed his lips except to be derided, so great has been his addiction to free enterprise. But enterprise, it seems, can be too free. In a few months of investigating, Mr. Macy's House subcommittee on questionable trade practices has turned up a number of tricks in the retailing of cars that "are anything but laudable and are most certainly not designed to help our national economy." So far, this year's buyers have had to take some $250,000,000 worth of unwanted accessories and have lost $200,000,000 by having to trade in used cars at prices low enough to assure the dealer a handsome profit on the side. Otherwise, they might find themselves languishing on the bottom of a waiting list for as long as eighteen months. In addition, dealers have commonly allowed themselves to be insulted with gratuities ranging from cigarette cases to $500 tips. The public, Mr. Macy says, has been "mulcted" to give the dealers "exorbitant profits." This bold kind of talk raises the hope that the Congressman will one day cast his eye on another free enterprise that bears heavily on his constituents—the Long Island Railroad. If so, he will find even among his Republican neighbors a remarkably unan-

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imous judgment that private monopoly can be "anything but laudable," that for downright incompetence, arrogance, and cold indifference, no publicly owned enterprise can hold a candle to the L. I. R. R.

Berlin and the U. N.

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHEN the Western powers brought the Berlin issue to the Security Council, they obviously never dreamed that the Council might use its authority to toss the issue back to the Big Four. Neither did the Soviet Union, which denied the competence of the U. N. to deal with the dispute and objected particularly to its submission to the Security Council, where the Western states, in Stalin's words, "have a guaranteed majority." Both sides were presumably surprised by what followed: First, the patient attempts of Sr. Bramuglia of Argentina and the other five "neutrals" in the Council to find a formula which would solve the problem of currency control—the technical point on which the four-power talks had broken down—and establish an acceptable time-table for lifting the blockade and resuming negotiations. Second, the plea by Secretary General Lie and Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, president of the Assembly, to the Big Four to resume talks immediately in a serious effort to end the mounting tension that threatens the peace of the world. Both moves were blocked, the first by Russia, the second by the Western trio.

The actions initiated by the United Nations have frequently been interpreted as favoring Russia over the West, since they substituted mediation and an attempt to revive direct negotiations for the disciplinary action against the Kremlin desired by the complaining powers. Viewed more profoundly, however, they have brought to the surface for all to see the motives of power politics that animate East and West alike; and this revelation is not likely to be pleasing to either side.

The record indicates that Russia does indeed want to arrive at an understanding on Berlin, and would probably make real concessions in order to do so while the Kremlin still holds certain political and strategic advantages that time may dissipate. If it can now use its dominating position to bring about talks on the whole German situation, challenging Anglo-American efforts to rebuild western Germany as a unified and independent industrial power linked with an armed Western Union, its position is likely to be strengthened. For the American position on Germany is not a popular one, as France's stubborn resistance to the new plans for the Ruhr amply demonstrates. What the Kremlin wants is a showdown on Germany before the "great alliance" of Western powers—embodied in the proposed Atlantic defense pact as well as in Western Union and the E. R. P.—becomes finally crystallized.

For exactly the same reasons, the Western powers, especially the United States, quite simply do not want a settlement now; nor do they want to be trapped or inveigled into talks about Germany. They are sure time is on their side. As long as the air lift works and Russia obligingly continues to use the harsh, unpopular weapon of the blockade, they much prefer to stall off negotiations which they believe, as does Moscow, would tend to bolster Russian prestige.

The Western statesmen cannot very well explain all this. Their strategy must be to insist upon Moscow's illegal use of force in Berlin, on their own right to remain there, and on the intransigent refusal of the Russians to accept a reasonable settlement when the West did attempt negotiations. The last point is tactically the most important. Since the three Western powers *were* willing in September to negotiate with Russia, despite the blockade, their refusal to do so now, even when urged by the highest officials of the U. N., can be defended only if they can show that the earlier talks collapsed, not on technical points, but because of the intransigent and unreasonable attitude of the Kremlin. In turning down the Evatt-Lie proposal, the United States tried to meet this difficulty by first repeating its insistence that the blockade be lifted "so that negotiations can take place free from duress," and by then arguing that the discussions in Berlin last September ended when it became clear that Russia had established the blockade "for the purpose of obtaining political objectives to which it is not entitled." This is what must be proved if the Western refusal to negotiate is to be justified in the eyes of an anxious world craving peace.

So far, it has not been proved. On the contrary, it is apparent that both Dr. Evatt and Mr. Lie believe the Berlin negotiations broke down, or were called off, because of relatively minor technical differences rather than on an issue of principle. Their courageous plea to the four powers was based on that belief, and Mr. Evatt even remarked in the Assembly that the conflict between the Soviet Union and the Western powers over Berlin had been reduced to that "between Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Sr. Bramuglia and the other neutrals take the same view. In spite of the failure of their earlier efforts, they are now seeking a currency-control formula satisfactory to all four, and soon the Western powers will be confronted with a new proposal, which they must meet with more convincing objections if they are to defend their present course.

That they can do so successfully seems most unlikely, for the facts are against them. A few days ago, William Shirer in a broadcast called attention to a document bearing on this very question—a joint report of the military governors of the Western powers on their conversations

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with Marshal Sokolovsky. According to Mr. Shirer, the report had been omitted, curiously enough, from the State Department's White Paper on the Berlin crisis. In it, General Clay and his two colleagues emphasized the fact that the negotiations in Berlin had definitely not "broken down." Mr. Shirer quotes the three military governors as follows: "We can sum up the over-all position by reporting that after some days of little progress, Marshal Sokolovsky has given ground on most of the subsidiary issues, as well as making a reasonable proposal in regard to road and rail traffic. As regards road and rail traffic, his proposals are probably acceptable." There remained, the generals said, three main points of disagreement—over Western currency, trade, and Soviet restrictions on air traffic; and they suggested that these be resolved on a "governmental level." But there was no attempt to do so.

THE true case against further negotiations with the Russians is a hard one to defend publicly. It amounts to this. E. R. P. is beginning to rebuild the economic strength of Western Europe. Slowly, a union is taking shape, out of which a defensive alliance can be formed with the United States as its power-house. When this is complete, Russia will realize that its opportunity for expansion is ended; only then can a settlement be looked upon as worth making.

The trouble with this argument is that it has been advanced by every great power since history began. It is persuasive only if you believe that probity and a disinterested love of peace are the absolute monopoly of one side to the dispute. One can agree that the American government and, more tentatively, its Western partners do actually believe this. But at the same time, one must admit that to many other nations and to millions of people in all nations the argument is at least as unconvincing as the same argument emanating from Moscow. Speaking broadly, the peoples of the world do not wish to be exposed to a present and continuing threat of war in order to sustain the theory that the Western powers alone want peace. On the contrary, the peoples of the world will be persuaded that the Western powers want peace only if they show a willingness, at least equal to that of Russia, to discuss specific issues in dispute. Their feeling, clearly expressed in the peace efforts of the neutrals and of Messrs. Lie and Evatt, will be intensified rather than assuaged by Mr. Marshall's recent contemptuous reference to Russian "peace propaganda."

Put plainly, the West will lose whatever advantage time and the airlift may have given it, if it rejects reasonable proposals made by the United Nations. For years now, the United States has made legitimate political capital out of Moscow's refusal to accept U. N. decisions that went against its will or interests. By comparison with Moscow's lavish use of the veto, our own by-passings and manipulations have seemed minor sins. Where shall we stand today if we take the leadership in refusing to negotiate with the Soviet Union on terms which seem fair to the disinterested nations of the world, and base our refusal on arguments which our own record has revealed as specious? Whatever risks may lurk in agreements reached through negotiation, they can hardly be as great as those involved in a continued East-West deadlock, for which, if we continue to reject the pleas of the U. N. leaders, we shall surely be held responsible.

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Elephant up a Tree

THE Republican Party has two months in which to get itself a character. By the time Congress convenes, it will have to decide once and for all whether its future lies in New Dealism cautiously administered or in McKinley fundamentalism trumpeted loudly and without inhibition. The G. O. P. has tried to go galumphing in both directions ever since the big blow of '32, and the resulting paralysis has cost it four straight elections. As long as Roosevelt was alive, the party chiefs could attribute their periodic drubbings to his crafty charms and his alleged generosity with the public purse, but now they have only each other to blame, and they are doing it with a zest that promises much liveliness in the weeks ahead.

In their first stunning hours of defeat Republican leaders, forsaken even by the farmers of Iowa, inevitably leaned toward the belief that their only hope was to go liberal. Like Mr. Dooley's Supreme Court, the party would have to "follow th' iliction returns." For a few days its mavericks did all the talking. Declaring war on the Old Guard, Senator Aiken of Vermont counseled abandoning the "restraints of party regularity." The Democratic triumph, he said, proved that the voters, "suspicious of the Old Guard machines of the Republican Party, feared that they would not get the right kind of cooperation and legislation." There was stout talk of ousting Taft and Wherry from party leadership in the Senate and of overthrowing the Martin-Halleck cabal in the House. Wendell Willkie's son, Philip, wrote a brave letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* in which he cited the election results as a "vindication" of his father's "conception of modern, social-minded Republicanism," and pointed out rather effectively that where Republican candidates were relatively enlightened they won; where they were troglodytes they lost.

Russell Davenport, who managed Willkie's campaign in 1940, called for "new leadership," complaining that "for four successive elections the party has failed to in-

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spire the American people with confidence." E. F. Jaeckel, one of Dewey's chief aides, is said to have offered the acid explanation that the Governor was burdened with "a lot of excess baggage like Taft." And even Joe Martin conceded the need for "fresh blood" in the party, remarking cryptically that the G. O. P. ran "too many Brahmans."

But soon the shock wore off, and tory heads began popping out of cyclone cellars. John Bricker may have winced inwardly at the forced retirement of such fellow-fundamentalists as Senator Brooks and Representative Knutson, but the face he turned to the country was as bland as ever, his convictions unruffled. "President Truman," he said, "got all the cooperation he deserved" from the Eightieth Congress, and he "should expect no more during the next." From his Long Island farm Clarence Budington Kelland, national committeeman and Taft supporter, blamed this month's débâcle on the "Albany group," which "organized defeat in 1944 . . . and had so improved their methods by 1948 that they were able to organize disaster." Davenport was refuted at length in the letter columns of the *Herald Tribune* and, perhaps more significantly, in the editorial columns of the *Wall Street Journal.*

It would be a serious mistake, I think, to take these answers merely as the face-saving apologia of a dying species. On the contrary, they are a rallying cry to tories of the party to make a fight of it. And the outcome of that fight will not only determine the character of the G. O. P. but profoundly affect the political alignment in the country for years to come.

The argument of the Old Guard runs something like this:

1. "Me too" campaigns don't win elections. Four attempts—by Landon, by Willkie, and twice by Dewey—prove that.

2. When the voters want New Deal government, they want it from the Democratic Party, which created it, not from Republican imitators.

3. In 1946 the party campaigned on the issue of Republican fundamentalism versus the New Deal and won its only electoral victory in eighteen years.

4. The country is entitled to a clear yes-or-no choice on increasing government controls. "If the Republican Party," in the words of the *Wall Street Journal,* "will not serve its purpose of clearly posing the question, then the country will find other instruments by which the question can be tried and settled."

In view of what happened to tory Republicans—from Revercomb in West Virginia to Gearhart in California—one may suppose that in a straight yes-or-no test the G. O. P. this year would have been beaten to a powder, but the surmise is not relevant. The point is that the issue within the party has been fairly drawn, and I don't see how a decisive struggle can be avoided. If the party is only to echo the Democrats at a distance, then it has no real function and is probably doomed in any case. It must clearly establish its political identity or go down to dust, as the ambivalent Whigs did ninety years ago, and it must do so immediately for the simple reason that minority leaders must be chosen for the approaching session of Congress.

The line adopted by the Republicans in the Eighty-first Congress will determine the nature of their campaigns in 1950 and 1952. Should they decide to renew the leadership of Taft and Wherry in the Senate and of Martin and Halleck in the House, there can be no "me too" candidate four years from now. The die will be cast, and the Davenports, Aikens, and Philip Willkies may as well come over to the Democrats right now. On the other hand, should the mavericks prevail, we can envision the crackup of the Grand Old Party and the forging of one of those new "instruments" suggested by the *Wall Street Journal,* perhaps a merger of Republican diehards and Dixiecrats under a joint banner of states' rights and free enterprise. In either event it looks as though the tories will not long be denied the plebiscite they have been seeking, whatever good it may do them.

Nanking's Bitter Tea

BY JULIAN SCHUMAN

Shanghai, November 12

EVEN old China hands have been astonished by the pace of recent events here. Many of them have been brought around to reality so rapidly that they are getting ready to clear out. Within a period of less than a month the Chinese Communist armies have taken all of Manchuria, the richest area in China, virtually sealed the fate of North China, and advanced dangerously close to the capital at Nanking. Shanghai, the business heart of China, while still not directly threatened, has been the scene of increasingly frequent rice riots and has already imposed martial law.

Signs of treachery and sagging morale among high-ranking Kuomintang army officers were visible soon after the start of the vigorous Communist offensive this autumn. The fall of Tsinan, the capital of Shantung Province, on September 24 was marked by the desertion of the commander of the 84th Division, General Wu Hua-wen, with his men at the height of the battle. A few weeks later the Yunnanese General, Tsung Tsi-sheng, gave up not only Changchun, the capital of Manchuria, but the entire 60th Army. Formerly field commanders, acting upon orders of the Generalissimo, made every

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effort to escape falling into the hands of the Communists, even committing suicide to avoid it. But since the Nationalist position in the north began to crumble, they have allowed themselves to be captured in increasing numbers. Among the top military men who have surrendered are General Wang Yao-wu, former governor of Shantung Province, General Kang Tse of Hupeh, General Ou Shou-nien of Honan, and General Fan Han-chieh, commander-in-chief of the Kuomintang armies in Chinchow, capture of which opened the door to the last two government strongholds in Manchuria—Changchun and Mukden.

An investigating committee of the Legislative Yuan in Nanking found the immediate cause of the fall of Tsinan to be the conduct of Governor Wang Yao-wu, faulty military tactics, poor intelligence, the defection of division-commander General Wu Hua-wen, and the treachery of General Liao Wen-wei, staff officer in charge of the city's defense. The capture of Changchun, according to official government reports, was also due to treachery. The 60th Army under General Tsung Tsi-sheng mutinied against General Cheng Tung-kuo, deputy commander-in-chief of Nationalist forces in Manchuria and commander of the Changchun garrison. As a result, the only other force defending the city, the American-equipped new 7th Army under General Li Hung, was decimated.

Immediately after the capture of Changchun the Communist radio claimed that the 60th Army had surrendered in protest against an order from Chiang that it should fight its way 175 miles south to beleaguered Mukden. General Cheng Tung-kuo, the Communists said, intended to have the 60th Army spearhead the drive and to keep the 7th Army for rear-guard action. The leader of the 60th Army, General Tsung, refused to obey on the ground that his troops were not in condition to get through the Communist lines.

Foreign military observers have been warning the Kuomintang that such defections could be fatal to the Nationalist cause. The demoralization began, they point out, as long ago as last year. The government, however, refused to recognize its seriousness until a string of military victories put the Communists almost on the road to Nanking.

In contrast to the present decline in morale, the earlier heroic deaths of two high army officers are recalled. General Chang Lin-fu, commander of the reorganized 74th Division and one of Chiang's few experts on mechanized warfare, committed suicide during the fighting in southern Shantung Province in the summer of 1947. General Liu Kang, who played an important role in the government's recapture of the Communist capital of Yenan last year, died in action last spring in northern Shensi Province.

The tendency of field commanders to allow themselves to be captured if not to sell out to the Communists parallels a gradual change in the thinking of the highest Nationalist leaders. Unable to do anything about the hopeless military situation, many of them have simply adopted an attitude of resignation to defeat. Direction of Nationalist war strategy has been concentrated in Nanking, but plans drawn up there, based on information received several weeks earlier, often fail to meet the needs of the changing situation at the front and bring disaster to the government forces. The field commanders, although they are aware that the orders from Nanking, usually from Chiang Kai-shek, are outdated, dare not say anything. So they, too, drift into defeatism, and military débâcles such as the government has suffered become inevitable.

THE loudly touted currency reforms introduced by the government were proved a failure in less than three months' time. The gold yuan, valued officially at four to the American dollar, was ushered on to the scene on August 19 to replace the Chinese national currency (CNC), but by the beginning of November it had cracked wide open and was sold on the black market at the rate of fifty to one. Many Chinese newspapers called this reform "Chiang's last trump," and it may well have been the final straw which broke the back of China's upper middle class. Small business men, storekeepers, professional men, and office workers had thought and hoped that it would save China's inflation-ridden economy. At one time among the strongest supporters of Chiang Kai-shek, these groups obeyed the order to convert their private holdings of foreign currency, gold, and silver into gold yuan. But having converted chiefly during August and September, when the official value was maintained, they were soon left high and dry with stacks of a much devalued money. Early in November the government officially recognized the black-market rate of fifty to one, set a new rate of twenty to one, and abandoned all restrictions on the possession of gold, silver, and foreign currency.

As the black-market rate climbed, the people swarmed into the shops to exchange their fast depreciating money for goods. Goods, however, were scarce, and prices were pegged far above the black-market rate. There was not much the holders of gold yuan could do but watch the value drop. The foreign currency, gold, and silver turned in amounted to about $190,000,000, according to official government figures. Wealthy Chinese are not believed to have contributed very much. It is no secret that they have sent most of their property abroad.

It is not too difficult to see what is eating the little man here, the man who had faith in his government and put his small holdings into the new money. Not only is his investment losing its value, but his money is not accepted when he tries to buy something. The rice dealer and the butcher have no desire to part with their vital commodities for "Chiang's last trump."

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Greece and the Ruhr

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, November 18

GREECE, Berlin, Palestine, Spain are the four questions still projecting alternatively their light and their shadow on this controversial Assembly of the United Nations. One day solutions look nearer, next day far off; but one thing is already certain—as it approaches its end, this Assembly reveals the forces of peace alert and determined not to permit the forces of war to have their way.

On Greece a solution seemed closer when the fantastically inept Sophoulis-Tsaldaris government collapsed last week. Today the same government has again installed itself in power, a grotesque resurrection. But United Nations intervention in the Greek affair has served to strengthen the conviction that an entire change in Anglo-American policy is indispensable unless Washington wants to see in Greece a repetition of what is happening in China. I have been talking with several of the best experts on the Greek question; their opinion could be summarized in the statement that there is no time to lose. But the clearest analysis of the situation was provided by J. A. Sophianopoulos, former Greek Foreign Minister and president of the Union of Republican Leftists, whom I have known well from the days of the San Francisco conference.

In an exclusive statement for *The Nation* Mr. Sophianopoulos said: "The government which resigned the other day and has today resumed office played its last card in the 'big summer offensive' which was supposed to wipe out the Markos troops and put a stop to the rebellion. This offensive was carried out by strong government forces, equipped with abundant American material. It was to demonstrate beyond dispute the correctness of the government's 'dynamic' policy; to prove that the Greek crisis could only be settled by force of arms. But the offensive failed; the government's 'decisive victory' in the Grammos Mountains was followed by greater and still more threatening guerrilla activity; today the Peloponnesus in the south, completely separated from the frontier areas, is in large measure controlled by the rebels. This last fact places the Athens government in a very difficult position in relation to its supporters, for it has insisted that the rebellion can continue only through the help of Greece's northern neighbors."

"What is the feeling of the people after the failure of the offensive and the latest government crisis?" I asked.

"People are convinced that there is only one way out—the rapid formation of a really representative government, including members of all the moderate and democratic elements in the country, whether or not they are represented in the present Parliament. This discredited Parliament should, moreover, be dissolved so that the people may express their sovereign will in truly free elections. Only such a government can inspire enough confidence, in the rebels—to stop the civil war—and in Greece's northern neighbors—to create a peaceful at-

Alexandre Parodi (France) *Faris El-Khoury (Syria)* *V. Tarasenko (Ukraine)* *Andrei Vishinsky (U.S.S.R.)* *Sir Alexander Cadogan (Great Britain)* *Trygve Lie (Secretary General)*

THE U. N. SECURITY

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mosphere of collaboration in the Balkan countries."

"What do you think," I asked further, "of the way the United Nations has handled the problem?"

"The event which has carried most weight is not the platonic resolution passed by a majority of the Political Committee but the proposal of the Australian delegate, Colonel Hodgson—unanimously carried—to initiate direct conversations between Greece and its northern neighbors under the chairmanship of Dr. Evatt, president of the General Assembly. The Australian proposal appeared as a ray of hope in the dark skies of Greece. It had an enthusiastic reception in moderate circles, that is to say, among the great majority of Greeks, since Dr. Evatt, especially, has their complete confidence."

"What do you think, Mr. Minister, is the basic mistake made in Greece by the Western powers?" I asked.

"The failure to realize that a new and different people has arisen in Greece—as in other countries—in consequence of the war, the occupation, and the struggle for freedom. It is this new people that holds the keys to the future," said the former Foreign Minister. "To ignore this change in the political and social conditions of the country, to disregard the progressive elements which make up the great mass of the Greek people, is to build on sand and expose oneself to the most disagreeable surprises."

"Something like what is happening now in China?" I asked.

"Exactly. If the only result of the Sophoulis-Tsaldaris government's term in office has been to strengthen and extend the rebellion, one may be sure that the setting up of an exactly similar government, instead of the kind called for by the situation, will sooner or later lead American policy in Greece to another Mukden."

AS FOR the Berlin problem, the would-be mediators in the U. N. are not in the least discouraged by the evasive answers of the powers concerned, although the Evatt-Lie initiative has been officially catalogued as a *démarche sans résultat*. The two U. N. officials are reported to be considering another note to the Big Four urging them to negotiate their differences. Meanwhile Señor Bramuglia, the president of the Security Council, has sent to the American, British, and French delegations proposals for a four-power monetary-control plan for Germany so devised as not to prejudice commercial and financial operations in the Western zones. These concrete suggestions, which the experts of the three countries are now examining, will undoubtedly be followed by others, and the Big Four will find it increasingly difficult to avoid a direct reply.

The psychological aspects of these efforts are particularly interesting. I doubt that even the Thomas committee would dare charge Messrs. Evatt and Bramuglia with being tools of the Kremlin. As a matter of fact, Evatt won the Assembly chairmanship against the wishes of the Soviet bloc, and while Bramuglia has revealed himself as an intelligent, patient, and tactful diplomat, it is difficult to forget that he is still Dictator Perón's Foreign Minister. That these two men should undertake with confidence and enthusiasm the task of reconciling the Big Four shows how deep-rooted is the will for peace in the United Nations. Indeed, after days of stalling, people here are beginning to be fed up with "questions of procedure." The perseverance of the mediators indicates that they believe there is a chance of success. My predictions of an ultimate East-West understanding may not be wishful thinking after all.

Despite the known opposition of General Clay and

Arkady Sobolev (*Asst. Gen.-Sec.*) *J. A. Bramuglia* (*Argentina*) *Philip C. Jessup* (*United States*) *F. van Langenhove* (*Belgium*) *A. G. McNaughton* (*Canada*) *T. F. Tsiang* (*China*) *Roberto Arbelaez* (*Colombia*)

COUNCIL IN PARIS

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lesser officers to any compromise, one factor that may speed a settlement, first on Berlin and then on the whole German issue, is the disagreement that crops up periodically among the Western occupying powers. The dispute over the Ruhr is a case in point. The Queuille Cabinet is already burdened with innumerable domestic problems. Now, as a result of the Anglo-American decision on the Ruhr, it faces a new offensive led by General de Gaulle. In most of his public pronouncements during the past year the General has managed to damage his own prospects by an evident incapacity to say the right thing. His press conference last Wednesday was on the whole no exception, but at one point he hit the nail on the head when he characterized the action of the British and Americans as "the greatest blunder of the century." On this issue he has the whole French nation behind him, from the Communists to the General Staff. If the Queuille Cabinet hopes to repel the Gaullist assault, it would be well advised to strengthen its resistance to the American-British policy of restoring to power in Germany the industrialists who armed the country for Hitler.

THE Spanish democratic forces won a victory in the General Assembly last Thursday which left Franco's observers badly shaken. A neatly contrived maneuver which Dr. Arce of Argentina hoped to put across unnoticed exploded in his face like a trick cigar. As Louis Lévy commented in *Le Populaire,* "M. Arce may be a good surgeon, but he is a dismal flop as a strategist." Back from a trip to Madrid, Arce went to a meeting of the Juridical Committee a few weeks ago and, taking advantage of the poor attendance, managed to knock out from a resolution a paragraph which specified that by virtue of the 1946 resolution Spain would not be invited to participate in the International Statistics Convention. This was somewhat of a Pyrrhic victory for Arce, since Spain has never been a member of the convention, but the Franco press splashed the story on its front pages. Yesterday the Guatemalan delegate, José Garcia-Granados, raised the question in the Assembly. He had been preceded by Henri Rolin, president of the Belgian Senate and a distinguished jurist, who explained his country's vote in the Juridical Committee in terms condemnatory of Franco. The debate that followed proved fatal to Franco. Not a single defender of the Generalissimo dared take the floor. After a concentrated attack on the Spanish Fascist regime by Uruguay, Venezuela, Mexico, and Guatemala the climax came when the British delegate declared that the United Kingdom had no intention of trying to modify the U. N.'s condemnation of Franco. The American delegation did not see fit to make a similar declaration.

Israel at First Glance

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

MY PARTICIPATION in the One World mission ended in Italy. A few of the group went on to Israel to dedicate a street in Tel Aviv to Fiorello LaGuardia, but I had work to do that kept me in Rome. Luckily I succeeded in arranging my plans so that I was able to go a little later and stay nearly two weeks instead of two days.

The first thing to be said about Israel is that it is far too hard to get to. Because of Arab threats and the anomalous position of the new Jewish state, the only airline that goes there openly and provides regular scheduled service is a Czech line, running planes from Prague to Haifa. To take care of the traffic from Western Europe a few lines send planes to Haifa by way of Paris and Rome. They use other names to cover this innocent bootlegging operation and send out flights more or less at their own convenience. The result is that a passenger is not told until the last moment when he is to leave—from either end of the run. Most of the planes are old, the meals poor, the seats uncomfortable—and you are grateful to be taken at all. This silly state of affairs will end only when Israel is generally recognized and the Moslem countries no longer find blackmail a useful weapon.

We got off at dawn in a plane carrying part freight and part passengers. When we landed at Athens around lunch time we were told to say, if questioned, that we were on our way to Cyprus. The Athens airport had a down-at-the-heels look, and the refreshment place to which passengers were directed was an untidy veranda offering little besides tea and a few dubious cakes. An American, asserting his inalienable right to eat where he pleased, walked over to a nearby, far more pretentious restaurant, where he ordered roast beef and fried potatoes. The proprietor regretfully declined to serve him, saying that all passengers had to eat at the place designated.

The row which followed gradually attracted the police, the man in charge of the refreshment bar, an airfield official or two, and finally a member of the Greek secret police who had been sitting in the sun picking his teeth in a manner intended to register indifference. All were loudly adamant, and when the American, probably unbalanced by hunger and the smell of roasting beef, asked what these Greeks thought they were doing any

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how ordering around a citizen of the United States that was keeping their miserable country in guns and butter, he was politely referred to the American Mission for Greece. "*They* make the rules for this airfield," said the secret-service man with an air of sly triumph. Perhaps they do and perhaps they don't; there were enough jeeps and American uniforms around the field to give color to the claim.

We did not even stop at Cyprus, but flew direct to Haifa. When we landed it was about six in the evening and still light. The customs and security formalities were as tedious as in most ports of entry, but they were not excessive, I think, for a new nation wrestling with the double task of organizing itself and fighting a war. When, after long waiting, I was asked whether I could mention a couple of people in Tel Aviv who would vouch for me, I gave the name of a minister of the government I had known in America. Then I fished for a second name, my mind suddenly blank. The security officer smiled rather mockingly and said, "He'll do." I had the impression he did not really believe me but decided I looked harmless. He was a shrewd-looking, small man who shifted rapidly from English to Hebrew to Polish to Yiddish as he dealt with the newcomers. I watched him with a peculiar pleasure, thinking back to my last visit in 1946: to the British inspectors and officers, and the Tommies on guard. This time I was not asked my religion. For the moment the security officer stood as symbol and personification of the independent state of Israel; a sort of wingless Victory.

IT IS not sensible to go to Israel as I did, without making arrangements ahead of time. Rooms are as hard to find as in New York or Paris; even transportation should be booked in advance. It was sheer luck that I got a bed in Tel Aviv that night. Another passenger who had planned to go there decided at the last moment to stay with friends in Haifa and kindly turned over to me his taxi seat and room reservation. We drove to Tel Aviv through sharp moonlight that revealed plainly the little Arab villages by the roadside. Many had been shattered by gunfire. All were deserted.

Tel Aviv is a city unlike any other. People say you grow to like it, but I did not stay long enough for that. Although some of the outlying parts are pleasant and well planned, the main streets are compressed, the buildings jammed together and insubstantial-looking. Tel Aviv was obviously built by impatient people who were thrusting the past behind them and who wanted, above everything, a place of their own, clean and white and new. It has neither the dignity nor the air of permanence a government seat should have. After all the talk is done, in Paris and London and Washington, after the Arab Legion has gone back across the Jordan, Jerusalem should resume its ancient role as capital of the Jewish state.

Meanwhile Tel Aviv does very well, for its good points are considerable. It is bursting with animation. People complain of the heat and say they get more work done in Jerusalem. But the sun does not seem to lower Tel Aviv's vitality. Cafes crowded with people edge the sidewalks and the waterfront drive; bands play loud music; soldiers hustle by on foot or in jeeps; shops do business; the beach is noisy with bathers and playing children. The government offices are in the pleasant suburb of Hakirya, appropriately a former German settlement, where the various ministries operate in big, comfortable private houses, with verandas and gardens to insure quiet and seclusion. As a temporary arrangement nothing could be better. But it is obviously a makeshift.

The managers of the Park Hotel act in various odd capacities, as advisers, money-changers, and especially as information officers. They know who everyone is and where you can reach him at what time. The morning after I arrived they put me in touch with the government press office, located down the street in a former British officers' club. The office is headed by Moshe Pearlman, whom I had seen in New York a couple of months earlier, just as he was leaving to take his present job.

Formerly a writer for the *New Statesman and Nation* and other British journals, Pearlman is the last man you would look for in a government job. He is volatile and funny, quick, unsystematic, inventive, energetic, harassed, defiantly unofficial in appearance and manner.

Who Wrestled with the Angel

The cut plant cries the root
And the star a sky. Jacob,
Thou hast prevailed!

A body is given back
To the harried breath,
Steel to the pent tongue,
And a voice fierce as a wound, hard as flame.
Strikes as the battle is sung.

This the response
To the crying of lands:
The fruit loved out of the rock,
The ladder arched over the sea toward home,
—This ladder of hands.

Let him who wrestled
With the angel speak!
The mute have been silent too long
And the gentle too meek.
Hold the warm land in your eyes!

Whispered to shouting life
By the chambered dead
Israel rose.

MARJORIE CHADBOURNE

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He looks like Groucho Marx reduced in size and togged out in khaki shorts and a jeep: altogether the perfect anti-bureaucrat. And he does a wonderful job that had not been done at all until he took over; he has injected life into the information service of the government and broken down the barriers of excessive caution that kept the press at arm's length during the first two critical months of Israel's fight for existence. Now newspapermen and other authorized observers go where they want within reasonable security limits; travel facilities are provided; censorship is prompt and moderate; and the age-old reserve of the military, no less crusty and well intrenched in the new army of Israel than elsewhere in the world, has been at least cracked by the enthusiastic assaults of Pearlman and his small staff.

The press office is a rather inadequate, ramshackle place, overflowing with newspaper writers and visitors of all nationalities. Pearlman was away when I got there, but I was greeted by his chief assistant, Nahum Sternberg, whom I had met in Jerusalem two years ago. From that moment on I was helped to see what I wanted to see and to meet anyone I wanted to talk to. Some newsmen complained of disorganization and poor facilities. Both existed. There were few conveniences for working, letters and wires sometimes got lost, and the people in charge were overworked to the point of distraction.

None of this is really important. What counts is the creation, in the midst of war and a truce more exasperating than war, of a freely functioning, intelligent information service run by people who respect the virtue of facts. Any journalist will agree that nothing reveals the character of a government so precisely as its press department. Here compactly summed up is its attitude toward truth and freedom, its belief in people, its relations with other states. If I knew nothing else about Israel, Moshe Pearlman's office would reassure me as to its essential quality.

[*In recent issues of* The Nation *Miss Kirchwey has described her visits this past summer in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Italy as a member of the One World delegation. Her report on Israel will be continued next week.*]

Yugoslavia: Neither East Nor West

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

I. Tito's Odds for Survival

Belgrade, November

MORE than four months have passed since the Cominform launched its deadly onslaught on Marshall Tito, but Yugoslavia—Tito's Yugoslavia—is still going strong. Having been in Belgrade and other parts of the country during the greater part of these four months, I should like to present here what I consider the main reasons why Tito's regime did not collapse, and also the formidable economic and political problems it must solve if it is to survive.

A current Yugoslav joke is that the world, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts—East, West, and Yugoslavia. Now Yugoslavia, it should be remembered, was on the outer fringe of the Russian bloc, which in itself was important. The relative independence it has shown would have been inconceivable without the help of geography. In a recent article* I explained how Poland, wedged between Germany and Russia, could not, when it came to the point, adopt a political line sharply independent of Russia—hence Gomulka's "recantation." Compared with Poland, Yugoslavia is much less Russia-conscious; to the ordinary Yugoslav, other than the conscientious and politically trained Communists—and these are not so very numerous per head of population—Russia is almost as remote as France or the United States. If, as *Borba* remarked the other day, "in no country outside Russia is Comrade Stalin so dearly loved as in Yugoslavia," this rather supports the theory that distance lends enchantment to the view. *Borba* added, however, that much as the Yugoslavs loved Stalin, they could not consider him infallible, and suggested that it was a piece of papal arrogance for the Kremlin to claim that it alone was capable of giving the correct interpretation of Marxism and Leninism. Can one imagine the official Communist paper of one of Russia's immediate neighbors expressing such hair-raising opinions?

The conclusion of the three *Borba* articles on this subject—they are believed to have been written by Tito himself or by Tito in collaboration with Milovan Djilas, his Number Three—was not without unconscious humor: it said in effect that while Yugoslavia was a Socialist state, far more Socialist than Hungary or Poland, its socialism was its own kind of socialism, based on its own

ALEXANDER WERTH was for some years Moscow correspondent of The Nation *and the Manchester* Guardian. *The second part of his article, to appear next week, deals with Tito's program of industrialization and efforts to develop foreign trade.*

* Poland: Collectivization and Crisis. *The Nation*, October 23.

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interpretation of Marxism-Leninism and adapted to its own particular requirements. Moreover, however much the Russians screamed at it and denounced it as "Trotskyist," treating it more offensively than they would the most rabidly reactionary country, Yugoslavia would always be on Russia's side. The Russians, Czechs, Hungarians, and the rest of them could behave as badly as they wished to Yugoslavia; Yugoslavia would still be their faithful ally.

IT SHOULD be said at this point that of all the reasons behind the Russian-Yugoslav conflict, the military reason was the most important. This is well understood in Belgrade and is, indeed, clearly revealed in the correspondence between the central committees of the Soviet Communist Party and the Yugoslav Communist Party which preceded and led up to the famous Cominform resolution. One of the Russians' most emphatic complaints was that they were not treated with "fraternal frankness" in Yugoslavia: they said the Yugoslavs objected to the presence of Russian military advisers in Belgrade and made all sorts of feeble excuses for getting rid of them, refusing to let the Russians pry into the secrets of Yugoslavia's army, Communist Party, or economic organization. What the Russians resented was that Tito fancied himself as a great general and was determined to run the Yugoslav army in his own way and not to allow it to become a mere appendage of the Red Army, with standardized Russian equipment, Russian military advisers running the show—as they do in the Polish and Czech armies—and the closest contact between the Yugoslav and the Russian general staffs. How piqued the Russians were by this attitude may be seen from their deliberate attempt to belittle the Yugoslav army. Yugoslavia was liberated, they asserted, by the Red Army after German paratroops had totally disorganized the Yugoslav command—which is historically about 80 per cent untrue. A theme running through most of Tito's speeches is that "we must learn from the lessons of our own glorious Partisans."

Those who like to speculate on what would happen if a war started have a fairly plausible theory that if Yugoslavia got involved, the situation would become similar to that of 1941. The army, not knowing exactly whom or what it was fighting for, would rapidly disintegrate; the Cominform Communists, with perhaps some Tito Communists, would take to the hills; the peasants would adopt an attitude of waiting; and the priests and all kinds of revived Chetniks, Ustashi, and other reactionaries would go into battle under the banners of the capitalist West. In Croatia separatism would revive with a vengeance. It is a tragic reflection on the state of Europe that all those who collaborated with Hitler between 1939 and 1945 speak most lovingly of Britain and America today. Looking enviously at Greece, the few remaining wealthy Serbs will say to you after a couple of drinks of *rakija*, "Oh, if only the Americans would occupy us!"

However, this discussion is so far academic. And meanwhile the Tito regime is still in full control of Yugoslavia—indeed, I should say, more fully in control than it was two months ago—in spite of Russian attempts to overthrow it. The Russians first tried to split the Yugoslav nation by calling on "true Communists" to turn out Tito, Rankovic, Djilas, and Kardelj. Having failed, they tried to split the Yugoslav Communist Party by publishing surreptitiously the correspondence between the two Communist parties. Tito accepted the challenge and had the correspondence published in pamphlet form in Belgrade, with comments. When General Arso Jovanovic was shot while trying to escape into Rumania to set up a "Free Yugoslav Committee," Moscow tried to use the incident to stir up trouble in the army. Except for some elements which were purged, the army remained loyal, and Tito found that the Jovanovic affair could be exploited for his own ends—"to desert to the East is just as treasonable as to desert to the West" was the line taken. Finally the Russians tried to split the government. A *Pravda* article on September 8, followed up by one in *New Times*, spoke fairly politely of the "Tito group" but at the same time singled out for anathema "hangman" Rankovic, Tito's Minister of the Interior and police chief. It was a clear hint to Tito that if he wished to make peace with Moscow he must sacrifice Rankovic. This was already a great admission of weakness on the part of the Russians, and Tito refused to give ground. Soon afterward he made a series of public appearances, always with Rankovic by his side.

Though the Russians have failed to shake the regime, the people do not show much enthusiasm for it. Whether it is to blame or not, it has succeeded in isolating Yugoslavia from East and West alike. The army, economically in a privileged position and given to hero worship, is on the whole behind Tito; and so is the proletarian youth—the *omladina Titova*—whose Partisan songs continue to resound in the streets of Belgrade. The townspeople, government officials, artisans, and a large proportion of the peasants are more concerned with their immediate economic problems than with high politics. What sharp pro-Cominform opposition to Tito exists is found less in the working class than among the intelligentsia, not the remnants of the old reactionary intelligentsia but the young students of the technical colleges, especially of Belgrade University. Some four hundred students were recently expelled from the university, for various reasons but chiefly, it seems, for disagreeing with the Yugoslav version of Marxism-Leninism—in short, for criticizing the government's attitude toward Russia. Apart from the enmity of these elements, however, Tito remains politically in a fairly strong position. Yugoslavia's weakness today is economic rather than political.

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Let's Start Over

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 15

IT SEEMS fantastic that it should be so. In those four grimly long years we followed, almost hour by hour, the curve of one another's fortunes. We saw on the map just what point our enemies had reached, measured the distance between that arrival and the next significant objective. We congratulated one another on the rare but heartening victories now one, now the other, of us won. El Alamein, Stalingrad, the thousand-bomber raid on Cologne, the downfall of Mussolini, each of these was like a mountain peak scaled by men who were never certain that at the next stage of the journey there would not be a new betrayal or a new disaster. We were fortified by the same speeches—the short, clipped orders of the day in which Stalin told our people no less than his own that we should hold firm; or the magnificent rhetoric of Churchill, with those flashes of interpolated humor that were nothing less than genius since they enabled us to relax our tension as we drove ourselves on to that point where we knew our fortunes must change; or the calm eloquence of Roosevelt, less steeled in temper than that of Stalin, less flashing than that of Churchill, yet, in some magic way, more intimate and comforting than either. We shared all these things, feeling at the time like members of a great company on some vast storm-tossed ship, which has somehow the conviction that it will outride the storm.

There were plenty of things on which we disagreed. Each of us, no doubt, had a special pride in our own country's contribution, and reservations about this or that element in the leadership or the organization of our comrades. All of us knew what shattering mistakes we had made in the past, how often we had been blind, how stupidly we had misjudged. All of us knew, too, that we had a debt to pay: for the refugees to whom we had refused asylum, for the party shibboleths to which we had given excessive deference, for the sacrifices we had made of other people's safety in the hope that we might purchase perhaps another year or two of uneasy peace. All of us knew that there were pledges we had broken and hopes we had disappointed; each of us tried to find consolation in an unspoken conviction that our broken pledge was less important, the disappointment we had caused less poignant, than the pledges and disappointments for which other nations were responsible. With all our faults of spirit and defects of plan, there was between us a sense of common purpose, a dream of future friendship, which had the power to make the pain and suffering of those years things we could bear. Our pre-war follies seemed so petty, the suspicions so unwarranted, the ignorance so unnecessary, that as our armies raced to drive the enemy from Paris and Brussels, from Prague and Athens, from Rome and Belgrade, from Amsterdam and Oslo, we believed that the endless battalions of freedom could at last accomplish that essential liberation which might banish in a final way the fear of war from the lives of men and women everywhere.

IT SEEMS fantastic that it should be as it is today after what we have been through together. Hardly have we exorcised one demon than another rises up to warn us that the hope of liberation was an illusion. As the tragic refugees of the last war begin to leave the concentration camps, new armies of refugees march behind them, not less tragic than their precursors. We speak, on both sides, of new tyrannies, of new warmongers, of men and women, cast in heroic mold but yesterday, praised by us all, upon whom today we hurl bitter curses. We even seek, a little shamefaced, no doubt, but still with excuses that each day enable us to feel less shabby, for ways and means to turn our enemies of yesterday into the organized friends of tomorrow, against the same peoples to whom we had sworn that our comradeship was eternal. We devise against each other mass weapons of death ten times more disastrous than those that turned our ancient heritage into a heap of rubble. In every country, indeed, there are those who listen with pride to their statesmen's boast of unbreakable strength or of irresistible weapons. All of us search uneasily for the means to disarm the friends of those enemies who were our friends. All of us weigh how much we dare pay for the aid of those we defeated, in the struggle we foresee against those with whom we shared the victory.

It seems fantastic that we should have drifted into this mood. Each partner in what, three years ago, we swore was an unbreakable alliance now spends incredible energy in emphasizing what is bad in the other. Each uses, often without shame or hesitation, the mean lie and malicious rumor. Each seeks to undermine the other's sources of material well-being, to close the frontiers against the poison of the other's propaganda. We are ready, on both sides, to organize the defense of ugly

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regimes if only the territories they control have strategic significance or can offer raw materials which, valuable in peace, would at once become decisive in the event of war. And our leaders, on both sides, use all the infinite resources of the propagandist's art to conceal from us the scale and the danger of the maneuvers in which they are engaged. They speak with pain of the refusal of their erstwhile colleagues to discuss and act with common honesty. They attribute to one another the basest of motives. Each professes to discern in the other's policy an end destructive of the high purpose for which we fought. Each summons to his aid those emotive concepts which, when seen out of proper perspective, trick the ordinary man and woman into the temper where thought is clouded by passions of fear and anger. We must not lose our honor. Our prestige is at stake. We dare not again embark upon the folly of appeasement. We must be powerful enough to make it plain that our strength will not yield to threats. We must remember that each concession we make is merely the basis for a new demand. It is as if some composite ghost of all our dead were wandering among us muttering, "Il faut en finir," and rousing the great leader to urge us once more "to bring things to a head." There are even those among us ready to test by action the will on that other side—which was once our side, too—and, as they say, "settle" our differences in some Armageddon in which our "freedom" is set against their "freedom," and our "democracy" against their "democracy."

In such a climate it is not surprising that there should be everywhere a mood of doubt and disillusion. It is as if we were witnessing once again that "failure of nerve" which paralyzes the wills of men when some given civilization reaches its grand climacteric. All the signs of that failure multiply about us. It seems at least possible that the common values which bind us all together are breaking beneath the strain we put upon them. Strange faiths all over the world draw to themselves new votaries who hope in their embrace to find the secret of escape from the fears which threaten them. Fanaticism increasingly denies us the calm which permits reasoned reflection upon our differences, and thus bars the road to the sane compromise we all desire. The sacred texts of one creed are hurled against the sacred texts of another as though we had never poured scorn upon the folly of the conflict between Blues and Greens in the streets of Byzantium. We denounce the skeptic as the peddler of disunifying heresy, and shrink from no ways and means to prove him guilty of sedition or, more desirably, of treason. We see secret enemies in all those who try to keep their heads. We are not even certain that those who are silent are to be trusted. We are expected to prove our loyalty by the loudness of our applause for those who have lost all sense of proportion and can find no release save in invective and denunciation. A dismayed generation is stricken by the passions of a cold war which it does not know how to arrest. And, again on both sides, the philosophers and historians revise the annals of the past so that the atmosphere will remain heated and the mass of men and women be too bemused to ask their leaders what price they must pay for a new slaughter. Rarely in previous periods of crisis have those whose

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function it ought to be to communicate insight and understanding been so eager to blind us to the truth.

It is not surprising that passion should threaten reason in any age in which the elements of a new social order are beginning to emerge. We must not forget that, despite the merits of those who have represented at its best the old order—their sense of public duty, the high quality of their intelligence, their readiness to mitigate suffering when they could be made to see it—over most of the world their privileges bore down harshly upon the masses. We must not forget, either, that when those privileges have been threatened by the discontent of the masses, their possessors have never hesitated to identify them with the security of civilization and to punish with relentless severity those who thought in terms of rebellion. It is not an accident that the Old and the New Testament alike are full of hatred against the rich, or that the Book of Revelations is in essence an angry prayer that a bitter revenge may be visited upon the pitiless Roman conqueror. Nor is it accident that in the tortured ages of the Reformation and the French Revolution there was released in those who saw liberation and hope on the horizon a yearning to safeguard their dreams by brutality, and even terror, if no other method seemed to offer the chance of giving them effective realization.

IT IS not fantastic that a ruling class should see something contemptible and outrageous in the formulation of new principles of social order of which one result must be to deprive it of the authority it has long enjoyed. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Marshall today no doubt read the denunciations and the claims of Moscow or Belgrade with something like the mingled disdain and irritation with which a Roman provincial governor read the angry prophecies of a Christian zealot in Palestine in the Apostolic age; or the fury with which Wentworth and Laud regarded the confident promises of a new society pressed upon their congregations by those "mechanick preachers" to whom the stately ritual and power of the Anglican church offered no values they could respect and no tradition they would wish to preserve. So, too, a cultivated bureaucrat of czarist Russia may well have felt certain that since the professional revolutionaries who seized Leningrad in October, 1917, could have no understanding of the complex problems and processes of social administration, he was merely being loyal to civilized standards of government when he refused his trained services to them while he waited for their overthrow by someone experienced in the exercise of authority, like Kolchak or Wrangel or Denikin. He could not be asked to venerate innovations made by men devoid of respect for the system he had been schooled to uphold.

To all this must be added two other factors. The first is the need to recognize that the Second World War was as much a struggle between hostile conceptions of social relationships as a struggle for world hegemony between two rival groups of powers. Whether we like it or not, the victory domesticated the principles of a new society in the minds and hearts of many millions all over the world. In the second place, whether we like it or not, the idea of a new society is linked for most of them, always emotionally and often intellectually, with the safety and progress of Soviet Russia. It would only be possible to break that link if the old society proved its power to offer those many millions perspectives of comparable hope. It is fantastic to imagine that such proof can be offered by unleashing upon the world a third global conflict. Its first result would be the outbreak of an international civil war, and its second, the destruction of any chance of reaching a plane where the idea of a new society can be seen in a context in which its promise can be fused with the remaining creativeness of the old. The discovery of this context is, as always, a supremely difficult task. That only makes it the more urgent for the statesman and the philosopher to set about it before it is too late.

For in the light of our experience since 1914, and in a deeper sense since 1939, it would be as fantastic as it would be wicked to assume that either side has the right to face the other like gladiators in the arena awaiting the signal for battle. Neither, in any realistic way, has tried to understand the other; neither, in any concrete way, has sought to make known the agenda of a peace which finds room for the dynamic of the social principles supported by both. A heavy responsibility and heavy blame rest upon both sides. Both have been crude and Machiavellian, arrogant and ill-mannered, secretive and dishonest. The barbaric ruthlessness of the Russian leaders has been at least as evil as the immaturity and incoherence with which America has displayed its overwhelming power. Great Britain has almost consistently pursued two policies, one of which has been permeated by devious pretenses. The time has come for the statesmen of each of the major peoples to draw plainly and concretely the ground-plan of the world to which they ask us to give allegiance. As they do so, they must remember that we are in the midst of a great revolution in human history; they need therefore to draw their plan in terms of tomorrow's hopes and not of yesterday's failure. They must plan with audacity. They must realize that the first duty of leaders in a revolutionary age is to remedy obvious grievances and to prove their faith in the democratization of knowledge and power. They can save our civilization from collapse only if they recognize that in a time like ours the insight of the masses into reality goes deeper than the careful and sophisticated balance cast by learned men. The making of peace is well within our reach if we begin at last to build it on the basis of that direct insight.

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The Professor's Beret

BY MILTON MAYER

Chicago, November 16

OLIVET, Michigan, is not what you would call a revolutionary community. Of the 600 votes it cast on November 2, 400 were for Dewey. The rest—161 for Truman, 13 for Wallace, and 26 for Thomas—probably came from Olivet College. Olivet College is a revolutionary college, with a new-fangled tutorial system and no distinctions drawn, in either the faculty or the student body, between black and white Christians or Christians and Jews. The conflict between the community and the college came out into the open several weeks ago, and since then the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Association of University Professors, and the American Federation of Teachers have been contributing "outside interference."

A beret was the Ft. Sumter, Sarajevo, Pearl Harbor of the Olivet Case. Under the beret was the head of Professor T. Barton Akeley of the political-science department. Professor Akeley's head rolled at a meeting of the Olivet College Board of Trustees held last July 21, the same meeting at which Aubrey L. Ashby, who wears a homburg, was elected president of the college. President Ashby, Olivet '08, retired as vice-president and general counsel of NBC to clean up his Alma Mater.

Professor Akeley was in Mexico with his wife, the college librarian, when they were notified, on August 9, that their "usefulness" to Olivet had been "fulfilled." Akeley's contract had been renewed in April, with a salary increase. Mrs. Akeley's had been renewed, with faculty status, exactly thirty days before she was dismissed.

President Ashby told an investigating committee of the Civil Liberties Union that it would be "kinder" not to make charges against Professor Akeley. (Subsequently the committee concluded that "Dr. Ashby does not understand the traditions and conditions of academic freedom.") Akeley, denouncing this condemnation-by-innuendo, has demanded in vain the right to face his accusers. But everybody in Olivet, Michigan, knows what the charge is. It's the beret.

Professor Akeley's colleagues of twelve years at Olivet, his students, and his older acquaintances from his days as a Unitarian minister describe him variously, but always as a man of Christian character and intellectual honesty and vigor. He is apparently mildly socialistic, and even more mildly pacifist, but no one has ever heard him "talk politics" either in or out of class. He is an educator, one of the mainsprings of the famous "unified study plan" inaugurated fifteen years ago at Olivet by President Joseph Brewer and Dean Robert Ramsey, and developed by Brewer's successor, Malcolm Dana. Brewer was forced out by the Board of Trustees; Ramsey and Dana left last year.

But Akeley's beret is symbolic. So is his goatee. So are his summer-time shorts. In the eyes of the townspeople and the college Board of Trustees, they are symbols of whatever the devil it is that is going on at Olivet. Not only berets, goatees, and shorts are suspect, but Jews, Negroes, and "intellectuals." So are modern psychology; labor law, taught by Tucker Smith, Vice-Presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, probably a "Communist"; and an integrated, highly individualized curriculum. Olivet is still a Christian liberal-arts college, affiliated with the Congregational church, but its Christianity is considerably more concrete than it was in 1844, the year in which James K. Polk was elected President and Olivet College was founded.

"It's not the socialism," the secretary of the Board of Trustees told Tucker Smith, "it's the beret." A year ago one of the trustees protested to Professor James Richards, who acted as president before Ashby's election, against the hiring of a physically handicapped alumnus as a laboratory assistant. "We're always hiring such *queer* people," said the trustee plaintively.

In a sense the beret prejudice represents a more ominous threat to free teaching than the red hunt, since it penalizes non-conformity in its most trivial form. Two years ago a trustee publicly accused four faculty members—three of them, including Akeley, lifelong Sunday School teachers—of "communism." The board apologized to the four after the trustee failed to present evidence of even the Elizabeth Bentley variety. In the current hullabaloo the Olivet Student Action Committee declined the support of the Ann Arbor and East Lansing Young Progressives, who were eager to fight for Akeley, Wallace, and Teheran.

The Akeley case is open and shut. The faculty constitution, adopted by the trustees two years ago, requires the board to consult the faculty in hiring and firing. The faculty was not consulted about the Akeleys, and President Ashby, in his first convocation speech, denounced the constitution as a subversive plot to seize

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control of the college. Akeley's dismissal, the A. C. L. U. committee reported, "flagrantly violated even the shabby tenure policy of the college." Given his choice of resigning or taking a terminal sabbatical year, Akeley refused both alternatives.

The Ashby case is more complicated. Aubrey Ashby is a corporation lawyer, and he is not likely to be mistaken for anything else. Olivet's financial condition has been desperate as far back as anyone can remember. Offering his services without pay, Ashby demanded a free hand to "put the college on its feet." The board said fine; but only half a dozen students applauded Ashby's violent first convocation speech, and his money-raising efforts to date have netted exactly $2,200. He has plugged for more football and for fraternities in an institution which pays no attention to either. His dismissal of Akeley on the same day he himself was hired sets a new speed record for administrative ineptitude.

At the opening of the academic year last September some 60 students out of 300 refused to register and picketed the administration building in protest over the Akeleys' dismissal. Four times in the course of little more than a week President Ashby threw the sixty out of school and then reinstated them after intervention by the faculty and the Teachers' Union local, which represents sixteen of the thirty-three faculty members. After each reinstatement he retracted his promise of full amnesty, and the strikers walked out again. Fifty of the sixty finally returned to school; the other ten carried the fight to other campuses.

In a belated move, on November 5, the trustees voted permanent tenure to faculty members with ten years of service, not of course including Professor Akeley. The board had never before granted anything but year-to-year contracts, though some faculty members have more than twenty-five years of service. The faculty is unappeased, and so are the students. A mass-meeting packed with faculty, students, and alumni and attended by student delegations from fourteen colleges and universities applauded wildly on November 6 when it was announced that the American Association of University Professors was making an official investigation.

A strike by the Teachers' Union would produce a quick and empty victory, giving the trustees and the administration an excuse for closing the institution and reorganizing it with a new faculty. The faculty is trying to line up new board members, in the hope that the present board, which is divided, will throw up the sponge. Professor Akeley has been hired, beret and all, by the American Friends Service Committee. His former colleagues have refused to teach his courses. Nobody is doing much learning or teaching at Olivet this fall anyway. But everybody, including President Ashby, who must wonder why he ever forsook the ivied quiet of NBC, is getting a sort of education for democracy.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S unexpected victory and the equally unforeseen Democratic Congressional sweep offer real hope that the loyalty probe among employees of "non-sensitive" federal agencies will be conducted more reasonably. The hunt for heresy in military agencies and defense plants, which is carried on by the armed forces themselves, will I fear continue. And so in all probability will the activities of the little Thomas committees in some states, as well as the radio attacks on individuals of independent mind. In short, important gains are in prospect on the civil-liberties front, but the battle is far from won.

It is welcome news that a militant organization, the Scientists' Committee on Loyalty Problems, has recently been set up in the New York area to defend the civil liberties of scientists. The committee has an impressive list of members and sponsors and an excellent program. It will provide counsel and help obtain hearings for scientists with clearance or other loyalty difficulties, maintain a file of information on government clearance procedures, and carry on a publicity campaign against irresponsible vilification. Its sixteen members include Albert Einstein; Henry D. Smyth, chairman of the Princeton Physics Department and author of the famous official report "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes"; S. A. Goudsmit of Brookhaven National Laboratory, director of Alsos, the organization that investigated the Nazi scientific war effort; and Lyman Spitzer, Jr., the Princeton astronomer. Among its sixty sponsors are not only well-known liberal scientists like A. J. Carlson, the physiologist, but men who have hitherto remained aloof from activities of this kind, such as J. H. Northrop of the Rockefeller Institute, winner of the Nobel prize for virus research; Glenn T. Seaborg, the discover of plutonium; and E. P. Wigner of Princeton, one of the world's great theoretical physicists.

The new organization, which is affiliated with the Federation of American Scientists, is by no means the first scientific group to concern itself with civil liberties. For the past year another F. A. S. affiliate, the Committee on Secrecy and Clearance, headed by Professor S. H. Bauer of Cornell, has been investigating government clearance procedures. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, through its well-financed Committee on Civil Rights headed by Maurice B. Visscher, of the University of Minnesota Medical School, has been carrying on an even more extensive investigation. But the Scientists' Committee on Loyalty Problems is the first substantially backed civil-rights group with an action program.

Actually, its creation should represent just a beginning. It should develop into a national organization, connected not only with the F. A. S. but with other scientific bodies. Because scientists have a central position in national defense, they have been chosen victims in the heresy hunt. Their protection is not a problem for scientists alone, any more than the protection of government attorneys accused of leftist leanings is a problem merely for the bar.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Eisenhower's Memoir

CRUSADE IN EUROPE. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday and Company. $5.

IT MUST gratify the ghost of Adolf Hitler to know that in one respect at least his comparison of himself with Napoleon was not an idle one. In no period since that last previous transvaluation of all values have the actors produced anything like the quality and quantity of memoirs designed to make the task of the historian easy; and in few periods have the memorialists succeeded in making that task more difficult.

It is not that the essential facts of recent history are left in doubt as they were by the calculated mendacity of writers of the Napoleonic period. Nothing emerges more clearly from General Eisenhower's account than the utter sincerity and straightforwardness of the man. He has been accused of overpoliteness, but this is true only in the most specialized sense. He avoids giving the name of the corps commander relieved for incompetence on the Salerno beachhead, but this is a matter of public record and anyone interested can easily discover it. There is surely no mincing of words when it comes to matters like the unremitting British pressure in favor of the "soft-underbelly" strategy, or the efforts of the Strategic Air Force commanders to fight their own war without reference to what was happening on the ground—or, for that matter, the Darlan deal.

Yet it is precisely around the points where the General is most frank and illuminating that historical difficulties are likely to develop. He is, of course, making a case for the correctness of his major decisions, but there is nothing wrong with this *per se*. It is the business of a commander, especially a winning commander, to review his work in terms of the compulsions surrounding questioned decisions. On the Darlan matter Eisenhower is extremely persuasive when he points out that the psychological climate of North Africa had been utterly misestimated before the invasion; that there was no enthusiasm for De Gaulle, Giraud, or democracy, only utter apathy and a desire to leave decisions in the hands of bureaucrats—whom Darlan controlled.

The Anglo-Saxon alliance, which fought the part of the war that concerned Eisenhower, had an aggregate of over 200,000,000 people. Throughout the conflict they functioned as a single democracy on a basis of agreement and compromise. The questions that arise around this book are those of how leadership as inspired as Eisenhower's can exercise its full range and capacity in such circumstances; a range and capacity whose need would seem to increase with the size of the unit. No one can miss the range of the General's mind, his ability to look past details and grasp the large picture. He stuck to Patton when the Indians were after that General's scalp, because he believed Patton's battlefield leadership would pay off. He stuck to the airborne landing at Utah Beach when his best adviser said it would end in "futile slaughter," because the airborne feature was essential to Utah, and Utah to the plan for a quick breakout from Normandy. He expected to be counter-attacked in the Ardennes and accepted that risk because it was essential to keep pressure on the Germans in the winter of 1944. The fact that a military alliance functioned as a unit for the first time in history was largely his doing (though he makes no such claim for himself; this is exterior evidence).

Yet in the field of the larger strategy, where Eisenhower's length and breadth of view would have been most valuable, he was forced to operate as a specialist under the orders of a committee. Time and again questions of a quasi-political character arose, the Balkan invasion plan, for instance. Eisenhower always made his decision on the purest, even the narrowest military grounds, and referred all overruling considerations to Washington. He actually had less control over events than U. S. Grant, or even McClellan. This lack of control extended to matters that might legitimately be considered his own province. Lives were lost and operations delayed for lack of infantry replacements, which he could ask for but not order.

It is fair to note that the General blames no one for this, indulges in no recriminations. But there is a subtle difference in tone between his account of the infantry-replacement matter and that of the Anzio landing, where his decision was also overridden from above. In the latter case he gives his own reasons and those of the other side, ending by saying they may have been right after all; to the former he applies the condemnation of silence.

To be sure, there is not much that he condemns. He is enthusiastic about the cooperation he received, especially from Churchill, who would argue all night against a project, and when he lost the argument, throw himself into it as though it were his own. Montgomery comes off very well; so do Air Marshal Tedder and Simpson of the Ninth, one of the ablest and most overlooked of our generals. There is surprisingly little about Bradley in view of the full-length portraits of many others, but perhaps Eisenhower felt that was a wine which needed no bush. There is a great deal of understanding not only of modern war—the long passage on battle planning, page 256, is a classic—but of the individual soldier as well. In fact, if "Crusade in Europe" raises issues, it also settles them, and unless General Grant objects, it can be set down as the best piece of military reminiscence by an American.

FLETCHER PRATT

The Legend of Flight

VOYAGES TO THE MOON. By Marjorie Hope Nicolson. The Macmillan Company. $4.

PROFESSOR NICOLSON is well known to scholars for her various researches into the relation between science and literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The present book, begun she says more than ten years ago as an entertaining side line, deals with a curious aspect of her general topic. So far as the original re-

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search is concerned, it was obviously as laborious and as exhaustive as possible. But because the subject is picturesque and because she writes with a light touch it will appeal to more than one sort of reader. Professional students of the older popular literature will find a great deal they did not know; a larger public will be entertained to discover that "science fiction" flourished not only before the pulps but also before Jules Verne despite the opinion of Major de Seversky and others that H. G. Wells revamped what Verne had first "presented."

Professor Nicolson, who seems to miss little, points out that the Psalmist longed for "wings like a dove," and that legends of flight go back as far as legends do. She cites dozens of them in passing, but her principal subject is the "cosmic voyage" as English readers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries knew it, either as written by Englishmen or imported from abroad. Her thesis is that the changing character of the works persistently reflected growing scientific knowledge, so that the best of them are genuine "science fiction."

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John Wilkins, in his "Discovery of a New World in the Moon" (1638), pointed out that four methods of reaching the satellite had been considered, namely, with the aid of "angels," of birds, of wings fastened to the body, and of "flying chariots." The second was seriously considered for a long time, and as late as 1786 a certain Frenchman publicly announced that he was training a quartet of eagles to be used in directing the course of the recently invented balloon. But the cosmic voyages tended on the whole to grow more and more scientific, not only with respect to the methods proposed but also in the accounts of the moon itself, which frequently became not the mere fantastic realm of the earliest extravaganzas but a new world described in the light of what the telescope had revealed. The hero of Francis Godwin's very popular "Man in the Moon" (1638) was transported by twenty-five swans attached to a contraption of his own devising, and though he made certain scientific observations en route, his moon is largely fanciful. Some years earlier, however, the astronomer Kepler had written his "Somnium," in which the visitor to the moon finds the kind of world that might have been reasonably expected from what was known of conditions there. And almost a century later another great scientist, Huygens, gave a scientist's version of what life on the moon should be like. It was their lead which was more and more followed.

Professor Nicolson's book covers far more than can be even hinted at in a review, and it must suffice to say that she not only follows the story through the eighteenth century but includes for good measure an epilogue on Poe, Verne, Wells, C. S. Lewis, *et al.* Along the road are innumerable tidbits of curious fact. Who will not be glad to know, for example, that an early sixteenth-century Scotch abbot explained the failure of his attempt to fly from Stirling Castle to France by the fact that "sum hen fedderis" had unfortunately got mixed with the bird plumes he used; or that Kepler's mother was tried for witchcraft, in part, apparently, because of what her son had said about her secret knowledge in his romance; or that an English writer bristled angrily at the suggestion in a German book that the Germans might colonize the moon? There are also ten delightful old pictures, including one of Godwin's hero being carried over a mountain by his swans and another of an aerial combat between a Briton and a German equipped with rival models of attached wings.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Diderot of Our Age

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Louise Varese. Lear Publishers. $2.75.

ANYONE who takes literature seriously must feel some misgivings as he ranges himself to attack, he too, a book by Jean-Paul Sartre. For this is to range oneself with the glib, jealous doctors and the breezy journalists who alike resent intellectual success. Professional philosophers in America dismiss Sartre by remarking that all these gloomy things have been said before, the journalists by calling him a negativist in an imperiled age. Between them they have created—they who almost without exception have not seen Sartre's philosophical books—a curious composite image of a cafe-sitting charlatan and hasty editorialist on the cosmos. They have even left the totally false impression that Sartre is taken no more seriously in France, except by corrupt adolescents, than here, and that he has after all published very little.

The fact is that Sartre has a very large French public willing to take seriously even his most casual effort, even such a work as the present one. And he has certainly published too much. "The Chips Are Down," whether we call it a novel or a scenario, is Sartre's eighteenth substantial work in ten years. It follows upon three books of formal academic philosophy and two of philosophy for the general public, three books of literary criticism, four of prose fiction, and five plays. It is, however, the first of his books to seem to me wholly trivial. But Sartre is the Diderot of our age—the organizer, editor, and incessant talker, a mind striking off ideas as flint from a rock, a man possessed and of spendthrift energy, and seemingly unable to stop creating. He was bound to write a very bad book at last, and bound to write a motion picture. Would not Diderot also have wanted to write and produce

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a motion picture? Like Sartre, he made a fetish of commitment to the contemporary.

"The Chips Are Down" has been made into a film in France; a still appears on the dust-jacket. It here offers itself as a novel, a novel using cinema techniques. These come down to fairly simple matters—capitalized headings for each change of scene, narrative through stage directions in the present tense, obvious counterpoint of mood, action, and image, visual anticipation and realization, and so on. As it stands the novel seems to be a closet movie rather than a screen play, though less obviously a closet movie than Huxley's "Ape and Essence." Do two such, Huxley and Sartre, make a new genre? And is the closet-movie genre the logical result of Claude-Edmonde Magny's elaborate theorizings on the art of fiction in its relation to the screen—the closet movie, that is, the motion picture to be read rather than seen, but read with the physical fleshless screen in mind, read thus at a second distorting remove from fact, read slowly and in meditation?

The closet movie would be the proper medium, I suppose, for fantasy which takes itself seriously—cosmic, metaphysical, or tragic fantasy. Cary Grant, Topper, and other amiable ghosts who return to play pranks demand little meditation, and so can be easily screened. But "The Chips Are Down" is presumably not farce; it seems to aspire to the high seriousness of tone of, let us say, "The Scoundrel" and "Outward Bound." Sartre's ghosts, predestined lovers who never met on earth, are given a second chance—twenty-four hours of grace in which to prove that they can love each other completely, can save their souls through selfishness. But would they not love each other less loved they not honor more? Sartre, like Noel Coward, wants his high seriousness and his pranks too—Eve Charlier astonished to see she has no reflection in the mirror, the ghostly Pierre rising from his earth-bound corpse and brushing dust off the sleeve of his ghostly coat, the newly dead dodging cars while the veteran dead ignore them, the streets crowded with the unhurried dead who lounge about and comment on the far fewer but always hurried living. And so forth.

"The Chips Are Down" is a very derivative performance, how derivative only a historian of motion pictures could say. This is the curious and disturbing thing. A good closet drama frees itself from the stage to achieve a subtler poetry, a closer psychology, even an intensified drama. The stage play must assault the sluggish listener, which the closet drama need not do. Thus the best closet dramas ("Coriolanus," "Samson Agonistes," "The Cenci") are in many ways superior to all but the best stage plays. But Sartre's closet movie borrows the worst rather than the best from both the screen and the old-fashioned novel. It sacrifices the novelist's analytic intelligence, which is no surprise, but also sacrifices his traditional privilege—to penetrate his subject, and the reader's consciousness, gradually. "The Chips Are Down" assaults us—with its vulgar fatalism, its meretricious moral melodrama—as very few screened films have dared to assault us. And it also assaults us with some of the most crude and sentimental of camera tricks. So, for instance, the camera roving page after page—from the face of the condemned Pierre, who must die again at 10:30, to the face of the assassin watching him, to the face of the electric clock, which of course will be stopped on the minute by a bullet.

ALBERT GUERARD, JR.

Economics: Fact and Theory

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC SCIENCE. By George Soule. The Viking Press. $2.50.

ECONOMIC science, as interpreted by George Soule, can quite effectively demolish many of the shibboleths which he attacks as economic fundamentalism, but the positive interpretation of economic behavior is still largely tentative.

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The basic flaw in classical economic theory is quite simply that the theory does not fit the facts. Like nineteenth-century psychology, classical economics was developed primarily by introspection rather than by observation. And as the author points out, contemporary classicists like Hayek are driven to claiming that the facts would fit the theory if monopolists on the one hand and government planners on the other would only let the economic system alone.

The scientific economist is concerned with the facts as they are rather than as he thinks they ought to be. This new approach is a very recent development, because it is only since World War I that economists have had enough facts about such essentials as national income, price fluctuations, the volume of production, and the distribution of individual incomes to begin the construction of scientific economic theories.

As Soule points out in discussing the monetary ideas of Lord Keynes, the classical influence is still strong among the modernists. Soule himself is inclined to stress the over-all balance between production and purchasing power, and to slight the importance of producing the variety of things people need and want to buy, not merely what they can afford to buy.

It seems a fair guess, too, that the author read "The Road to Survival" after his own book was nearly finished. In the last chapters he gives some recognition to the fact that there are absolute limits to production in relation to population growth. This was not even mentioned when he wrote on page 47, "Clearly, the principal economic objective must be to increase the production and distribution of needed goods and services."

However, these are minor criticisms of a book which manages on the whole to live up to its title, and that is a real achievement. "Introduction to Economic Science" might be hard going in spots for the absolute beginner, but anyone who knows just a little about economics can learn a lot more by reading it, and he will be learning about the world we live in, instead of a world projected from an ivory tower.

CHARLES E. NOYES

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Fiction in Review

HUBERT CREEKMORE'S "The Welcome" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3) is described on its jacket as a novel of modern marriage, but it is difficult to sum up precisely what it is saying about that uneasy institution. Without any wish to parody its content, it would seem to add up to something like the following: if women were truly feminine and feeling, they would forgive men for loving other men; they would marry them, respond to them sexually despite the fact that woman represents only a second choice in the sphere of love, and thus help them to try to be happy in a society based on matrimony.

It sounds like an odd thesis for a novel. It also sounds rather hard on women. But perhaps neither humor nor feminine bias should make us dismiss "The Welcome" as merely an eccentricity. If Mr. Creekmore is pretty muddled in his thinking about the homosexual problem in our society, so is our society pretty muddled in its thinking on all sexual matters. The Kinsey report provides startling statistics on the incidence of homosexual activity among American married men. It does not attempt to investigate the relation between this fact and the success or failure of American marriage, but we must guess that a connection exists—and pending scientific information on the subject, learn what we can from the novelists. The very dimness of Mr. Creekmore's resolution of the conflict in which his two main characters find themselves is instructive: it is certainly worth knowing that in the opinion of at least some small section of society it is woman's function to serve as therapy for male homosexuality. But his book has an even more seriously useful purpose. Of all the novels about homosexuality which have appeared in the last few years it makes the most ingenuous and therefore the most disturbing statement of the damage society does by refusing to recognize the prevalence of the homosexual preference and, instead, forcing people to the conformity of marriage who are emotionally totally unfit for it.

This pressure is, of course, not nearly so intense in the big cities as in smaller places, and Mr. Creekmore very sen-

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sibly sets his novel in a small Southern town, which he describes with a patient and gentle accuracy; indeed, his novel owes such literary virtue as it has to its honesty as a study in small-town manners. Undoubtedly in an environment like Mr. Creekmore's Ashton it would be harder to identify the sexual element in a male friendship than it would be in New York, just as undoubtedly the intellectual isolation in which Mr. Creekmore's Don and Jim live is much more acute and therefore a larger contributing factor in the development of their attachment. In order to qualify for membership in the community life of Ashton one must be married—and despite the incomparably richer feeling which Don and Jim have for each other than either has for any woman, they make the conventional choice. But unfortunately Mr. Creekmore traces this sad course without any evidence of being aware that a marriage contracted under such cruel pressure is inevitably fated to bring misery to both partners.

The ingenuousness of his story lies in its explicit and implicit assumption that homosexuality is something to be grown out of simply by the wish to grow out of it, quite as a man might discipline himself to a mature life of money-making after a youth of idealism. The influence that our society exerts upon a man to make money is acknowledgedly blind and powerful; neither in its force nor in its ignorance nor yet again in its effect upon the individual's emotions is this pressure to be regarded as similar in kind to the influence society exerts upon a man to be sexually "normal." The novel which will give us real insight into this aspect of our social-sexual morality will itself have to transcend the confusions as well as the conventions by which we now live. Mr. Creekmore's novel does neither. The best that can be said of it is that by its very muddledness it indicates how much and what kind of clarification we need.

Martha Bacon's "A Star Called Wormwood" (Random House, $3.75) is a charming and talented first novel, a very attractive decoration on a theme—social responsibility — usually treated much too portentously. The publishers suggest its connection with "The Constant Nymph"; the parallel is at once just and unjust. Like Miss Kennedy's book, Miss Bacon's breathes an atmosphere of Continental sunlight; and certainly there is more than a surface resemblance between Miss Bacon's wildly precocious little expatriate bohemians and the undisciplined sprites who inhabited Miss Kennedy's story. But "A Star Called Wormwood" has a base in gravity which quite sets it apart from Miss Kennedy's unfettered fantasy. Even romance can now no longer be loosed as it once was from the dominion of unhappy fact. Time has passed: Mussolini's Blackshirts are bold in the carnival country, and romantic heroes woo the pure in heart with the passion of politics instead of the passion of music. One need not take Miss Bacon's novel over-seriously to be saddened that its essentially gay genius had to be sobered by this much grim reality.

Athough Miss Bacon's prose is too studied for my taste, it manages to miss the extreme preciousness which is the common disease of talented women writers. More important, and almost miraculously, it also misses that even more deadly blight upon the literary female, self-love. A sentence like this, which is typical of Miss Bacon's manner, "A few donkeys were tethered or merely standing about in the attitudes of humility and prayer that donkeys affect until rebellion rises in them," may intrude more of its author's consciousness of her own sensibility than is strictly desirable. But it at least leaves some room for the donkeys. Similarly, Miss Bacon's tricks of omission, under-emphasis, and statement only by inference, though they leave space which might better be filled by direct characterization and idea, at least leave what the painters call negative space—emptiness, that is, into which would fit what might properly belong in it—rather than room merely for more of the author's own image.

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Books in Brief

"The Chosen Valley." By Margaret Snyder. Norton. $4. The biography of a Minnesota town. More than half the book, and by far the most interesting part, deals with the town's early years from its founding in 1853 to the Civil War. Of especial value is the detailed and well-documented account of the orgy of land speculation in the fifties, when land values sky-rocketed and interest rates rose as high as 70 per cent,

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and of the frantic competition among the settlements for county seats, land offices, and railroads. An admirable piece of Americana whose usefulness is somewhat impaired by lack of an index.

"Jonathan Fisher." By Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. $4. The life of a Congregational minister at Blue Hill, Maine. Fisher, who lived from 1768 to 1847, was a genuine Yankee character—a farmer, painter, poet, mechanic, and scholar as well as clergyman—and his biography, based on a diary and letters, gives an excellent picture of the life of that period. One notes as an interesting sidelight on the times that the parson supplemented his meager income by writing and hawking ballads on local executions.

"Northern Farm." By Henry Beston. Rinehart. $2.75. Life on a Maine farm described by the author of "The Outermost House." Tranquil, meditative, perceptive, and a little thin.

"About Boston." By David McCord. Doubleday. $2.50. Lightly informative essays on Boston life and landmarks. Primarily a refresher course for the Bostonian, whose appetite for information about his own city seems insatiable.

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PORTER SARGENT

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE reception given by the general run of art reviewers to one of the most important as well as most beautiful shows of modern art ever held in this country—the collage exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (through December 5)—amounts to a scandal. Like most of the scandals involving modern art, it has passed largely unnoticed so far, which must be attributed to our art public's low state of enlightenment. Here was, in fact, the most concentrated group of masterpieces seen in New York since the paintings from the Berlin museums departed—I mean, specifically, the best collages of Picasso, Braque, Hans Arp, and Kurt Schwitters—and yet all the art journalists of the dailies and weeklies could say was that collage was "dated," that it was a "fad," a "stunt," a "short cut" taken by lazy painters. And no one has risen up to protest.

The collage medium has played a pivotal role in twentieth-century painting and sculpture, and it is the most succinct and direct single clue to the aesthetic of genuinely modern art. Once able to appreciate collage, or *papiers collés*, as practiced by the cubist masters, one is in the position to understand what painting has been about since Manet first laid his shapes in flat. When Braque, around 1912, glued a piece of imitation wood-grain paper to the surface of a painted canvas he did not do so for the sake of more varied texture, or of greater expressiveness, or for shock value. As far as I know, Braque has never publicly stated the motive that impelled him to this unexampled step, but it was definitely an integral part of the organic logic of cubism—and at the same time answered something profound in the spirit of the age. For collage was promptly taken up by people outside the cubist movement and applied to a wide variety of uses, many of them popular and few of them with any real relation to the aesthetic of cubism. Yet

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it is only as part of this aesthetic that collage reveals its true meaning.

Cubism brought about the destruction of the illusionist means and effects that had characterized Western painting since the fifteenth century. The fictive depths of the picture were drained, and its action was brought forward and identified with the immediate, physical surface of the canvas, board, or paper. By pasting a piece of newspaper lettering to the canvas one called attention to the physical reality of the work of art and made that reality the same as the art. The large newspaper type arrested the spectator's eye and prevented it from passing behind the physical surface of the picture into space created by illusion. Painting was no longer a matter of fictive projection or description, and the picture became indissolubly one with the pigment, the texture, and the flat surface that constituted it as an object.

The use of actual elements extraneous to paint pigment was preceded, in both Braque's and Picasso's case, by a short period in which they got a somewhat weaker depth-destroying effect by painting large letters in *trompe-l'œil* imitation of newspaper type in the foregrounds of their cubist pictures. Once, however, they had begun to use pieces of real newspaper, and then "facsimile" wood-grain, labels, swatches of cloth, sand, ashes, and so forth, the next step in the denial of illusion was to lift the extraneous elements above the surface of the picture and secure the effects of depth and volume by bringing this or that part of the picture physically closer to the eye, as in bas-relief. In this case three-dimensionality was no longer an effect or illusion but literal reality itself, as in sculpture. By 1912 Picasso was venturing into a kind of bas-relief construction in works that laid the foundation of constructivism, and indeed of all radically modern sculpture since Brancusi and Lipchitz. The picture had now attained to the full and declared three-dimensionality we automatically attribute to the notion, "object," and painting was being transformed, in the course of a strictly coherent process with a logic all its own, into a new kind of sculpture. Thus we see that without collage there would have been no Pevsner, Gonzale, or Giacometti, no Calder or David Smith.

But the extraneous element, the piece of newspaper or the liquor-bottle label, was not always designed to stop the eye at the surface. It was sometimes used to manipulate or control planes in the picture that were already given as illusions. When one object in a still life was represented in front of another, a piece of opaque textured paper pasted to the representation of the more distant object served to bring it forward, to make the picture generally shallower if not completely flat, and give the artist a fixed point beyond which he could not deepen his illusion of three-dimensional space or volume. At the same time a pleasing ambiguity was created as to which was felt as closest to the eye—the object in front or the real piece of paper pasted to the representation of the object in back.

However, because it generally fixed the eye at the physical surface, collage as employed by the cubists almost always emphasized the identity of the picture as a flat and more or less abstract pattern rather than as a representation; and it is as a flat pattern that the cubist *papier collé* makes itself primarily felt and enjoyed. (Juan Gris, great cubist master that he was, failed quite to grasp this principle, and that is why three of his four collages in the museum's show are somewhat confused and turgid, however happy they may be in individual details. Until 1916 Gris always hesitated about putting the identity, the gist, of his picture into the surface pattern, instead of the representation, and the resulting ambiguity was usually too uncontrolled to be effective—that is, except in the case of the "Breakfast" of 1914, which succeeds because Gris leaves us in no doubt that the identity of this picture lies in the depiction in conventional depth of a table with a still life on it. Approaching it as a standard cubist collage composition like Picasso's and Braque's, with one's eyes focused primarily on the flat surface pattern, one finds the picture disorganized and congested, but when one shifts focus and views it as a conventional picture it springs instantly into perfection. Nevertheless, the picture could have been done just as well in paint, for the artist fails entirely to exploit the potentialities exclusive to collage, one of the most important of which is the opacity of textured paper. Gris's *papiers* are transparent and admit light like paint.)

Collage contributed greatly to the geometrical simplification of shapes that cubism undertook after 1912 and anticipated the transition to its "synthetic" phase. Some part in this may have been played by the mechanical difficulties of cutting out complicated forms with scissors, which led perhaps to a preference for large elementary shapes. Here, if ever, the cubists surrendered to the resistance of the medium. Yet in doing so they remained entirely consistent with themselves, for the central premise of painting since Manet, and a great source of its virtues, has been its progressive surrender to, its increasing acknowledgment of, the physical nature of the medium, whether it is oil, water color, charcoal, or pasted papers.

The show at the Museum of Modern Art, splendidly chosen and mounted,

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offers us the completest survey we have had of the development and elaboration of the collage medium, showing us its abuses as well as its uses. The dadaists and surrealists—except for Arp and Schwitters—saw in it only a means of achieving strange and surprising effects by juxtaposing incongruous images. The result was not works of art—even in Miró's case—but montages, truly stunts: rectangles littered with small pictures connected by no aesthetic necessity, rectangles that do not delight the eye and whose value is wholly exhausted in literary shock effects that have by now become unspeakably stale. Many examples of this staleness are included in the museum's show for the sake, I assume, of their documentary and historical interest.

This exhibition makes it very clear that Picasso and Braque are the great masters of collage proper, followed at a distance by Arp and Schwitters. It also would seem to show that the greatest success in collage so far has been gained through compositions based on a preponderance of rectangular forms whose contours are kept roughly parallel to the edges of the canvas—in other words, repeat the canvas's shape. And this exhibition finally makes it clear, too, that Picasso extracted a much greater variety of effect from the medium and used it with more power than did Braque, while yet fully matching the French painter's purity and elegance. At this point in his career, and his oils of the same period bear me out, Picasso was the most magnificent artist of the twentieth century.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

RCA Victor's September records, which have reached me only now, include a set (1234, $4.75) of Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes," performed by Stravinsky himself with a Victor chamber orchestra. My enjoyment of this characteristically dry, sharp, perverse, witty piece is the greater for what is added, in my mind, to its substance and effect by what I recall of Balanchine's choreography — for example, an amusing effect which the endless intertwining of the boy and two girls gave to the ostinato figure repeated by clarinet and oboe on side 3. The performance has the hard clarity that Stravinsky always produces, and is excellently reproduced.

Another set (1233, $4.75) offers Wagner's songs to poems of Mathilde Wesendonck, sung by Eileen Farrell, soprano, with a Victor orchestra conducted by Stokowski. One of them, "Im Treibhaus," uses the thematic material of the wonderful Prelude to Act 3 of "Tristan und Isolde" in a way that makes it one of Wagner's most extraordinary pieces of writing. "Träume," the best-known, which uses material from the second-act duet of "Tristan," and the others—"Der Engel," "Stehe still!," "Schmerzen"—I find less interesting. Miss Farrell has a voice of remarkable beauty and power which, as she produces it, has a strong tremolo in its upper range; and this reduces one's pleasure from her fine performances. The orchestra's playing is admirably integrated with the singing; and this integration is reproduced by the excellent recording.

The fast movements of Poulenc's Concerto in D minor for two pianos (Set 1235, $4.75) rattle along in a way that leaves me indifferent; nor do I care for the sweet tune in the slow movement. Whittemore and Lowe rattle it off in appropriately brash manner; and what little the Victor orchestra has to do it does competently under Mitropoulos's direction. As recorded, the orchestra sounds far back of the pianos, and quite dry and even a little harsh.

Gershwin's "An American in Paris" (Set 1237, $3.50), which I continue to find the most successfully achieved of his large-scale works, is performed by Leonard Bernstein with a Victor orchestra very well except for a slowness and slackness and lack of continuity in the changes of pace in the blues section. The performance is excellently reproduced.

There are characteristic discontinuities of pace also in Koussevitzky's performance with the Boston Symphony of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture, which is otherwise acceptable and is well reproduced on a Victor single (12-0377, $1.25). On another single (12-0379) is beautiful and superbly reproduced playing of the piano by Byron Janis in an over-nuanced style which seems to me incorrect for Bach's great A minor Prelude and Fugue for organ, transcribed by Liszt. On another (12-0378) Arthur Rubinstein's mannered style produces an unendurable distortion of Chopin's Barcarolle. And on still another (12-0380) is a Sonata in C minor by Handel which I find quite dull, but which is well played by Robert Bloom, oboist, with lifeless piano accompaniment by Earl Wild.

From Columbia there is a set (X-303, $3.50) of the Four Sea Interludes from Britten's "Peter Grimes," played by the London Symphony under Sargent. I have compared it with the English Decca set of the performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw under Van Beinum, which includes the Passacaglia on an additional record. And it was amazing to hear the refinement of the Amsterdam performance and Decca recording, as against the coarseness of the

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Also a set (785, $7.25) of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, played by Oscar Levant and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy with erratic and extravagant changes of pace, blurred piano execution, and unprecise gearing of piano with orchestra. The recorded sound is good.

From Mercury comes a set (DM-4, $5.25) of Mozart's Divertimento K.251 for strings, oboe, and horns—with an engaging march, a lovely *Andantino* movement, a charming rondo, and even the less interesting movements made attractive by the superlative playing of a little group comprising Alexander Schneider and Edward Bachman, violins, Bernard Milofsky, viola, Bernard Greenhouse, cello, Mitchell Miller, oboe, and Arthur Holmes Jr. and Ralph Brown, horns. The recorded sound is sharp, but otherwise good; and in my copy the *Andantino* side wavers slightly in pitch.

There has been increasing interest in apparatus for recording performances off the air on wire or tape. I have done no investigating myself, but have heard the result of the investigation by a friend: the astonishingly excellent recordings of broadcasts that he has made on tape with the Amplifier Corporation of America's Magnetape 808 chassis ($89.50) and 805 amplifier ($149.50), which are connected with his tuner (Meissner) for recording, and with his amplifier (Brook) and speaker-system (Stephens theater-type) for play-back (the superb amplifier and speaker-system are, of course, responsible for part of the excellence I have heard—as they improve the reproduction of a fine English Decca recording). He uses paper tape, a roll of which ($3) gives him an hour of recording, in preference to the plastic tape ($4.50), whose slight superiority in other respects doesn't, in his opinion, outweigh the fact that it gives only about three-quarters of an hour.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

How Henry Truman Won

Dear Sirs: Although I am a supporter of the principles of Henry Wallace, I am deeply stirred by the outcome of the election for one great reason: which is that *words* have been shown to have power. Words did get over. I had almost lost hope and faith that they could—words with ideas in them. But that Little Man went out and said things directly to people—and they heard him. Against monopoly in business; against the Communist scare.

They were the same words that Henry Wallace was speaking; only Henry Wallace applied them to foreign policy as well as to domestic. If President Truman will make his foreign policy consistent with his domestic in these two points, he will go down in history.

He has resisted the stop-communism panic at home: why succumb to it in Europe and Asia? And why reinstate monopoly interests abroad when he has stumped the country against them at home and won a tremendous victory that has thrilled millions of Americans? Now he is his own man. He may follow if he will the kindly impulses of his own nature toward understanding Russia—for which he has twice been publicly trounced. Let him now establish his size before the world by inviting the counsels of Henry Wallace instead of repudiating them.

RUTH GEORGE

Claremont, Cal., November 13

The Ilse Koch Case and General Clay

Dear Sirs: In his article on the Ilse Koch case in *The Nation* of November 6 Saul K. Padover directed a bitter attack against General Lucius D. Clay for his commutation of the life sentence given Frau Koch by a war-crimes tribunal in 1945. Let us for a moment stop thinking at the back of the neck (where it bristles) and examine critically the statements Mr. Padover made.

After sketching the background of the commutation Mr. Padover plunged into his personal attack with the charge that General Clay is guilty of downright sympathy for this vile woman: "Our military authorities," he said, "decided that the lady had apparently endured enough suffering." This very serious charge was made despite General Clay's excoriation of Ilse Koch as a "depraved character"; no basis is given for it unless it be the fact of the commutation itself.

The commutation was made as a result of a routine review of the proceedings in the case, a review of a type which every military commander is required to perform in a closely prescribed way. Upon studying the proceedings, General Clay tells us, he found that "the most serious charges were based on hearsay and not on factual evidence." *This is the point at issue in the whole attack.* Mr. Padover seeks to refute it in three ways.

First, Mr. Padover argues, an American judge and eight jurors had found the defendant guilty enough to merit life imprisonment. "Surely," he says, "they were more competent to pass judgment than some late-coming officer who was not present at the trial." If this argument is valid, the very procedure of higher-echelon review of military tribunal cases is faulty. Even if the point is conceded, one can hardly lay the blame for the procedure on General Clay.

Secondly, Mr. Padover quotes two reputable Americans as having been outraged by the commutation, Messrs. Denson and Kunzig. Without impugning in the least these gentlemen's legal competence, I should like to submit that the verdict of two prosecuting attorneys on a lenient sentence meted out to the defendant they have prosecuted cannot by itself be accepted as a sufficiently objective and convincing judgment upon the sentence.

Thirdly, Mr. Padover amasses a weighty collection of statements and reports about the specific crimes of Ilse Koch and the general horror with which she and her husband were mixed up at Buchenwald. None of this information seems open to doubt; some of it comes from the mouth of such a fine and dispassionate witness as Eugen Kogon. Much of it has nothing to do with the Koch case; much of it implicates Ilse directly. But none of it is indicated as having even appeared in the proceedings which General Clay was required to review and upon which he was required to pass judgment.

None of Mr. Padover's three points against the General stands up, nor has

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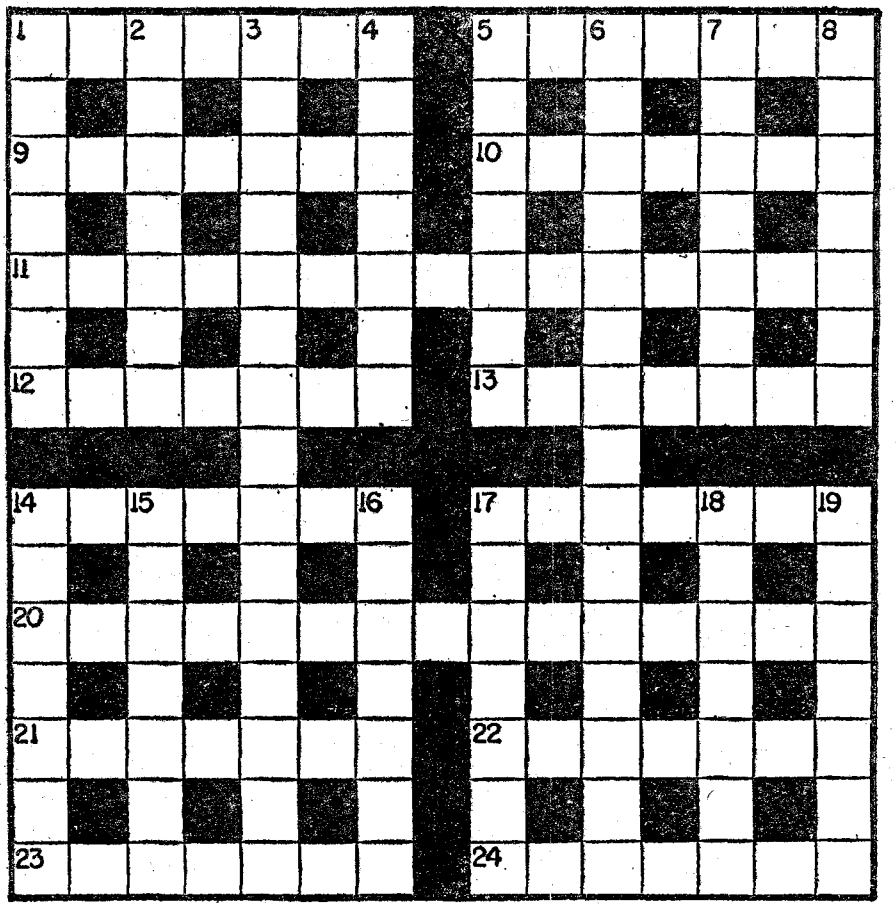
Crossword Puzzle No. 289

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One of Connelly's green things. (7)
5 Stewed, like 17 down. (7)
9 No president with a military attendant is! (7)
10 The check is in that place. (7)
11 These are above and beyond the call of duty. (15)
12 A hundred blows of the whip for making conflicts. (7)
13 Mill's was political. (7)
14 Wrested from what is scattered. (7)
17 Separate, not like a bolero-maker? (7)
20 Do such people pay the piper, since they're willing to count the cost? (4, 11)
21 Judges and obstreperous players are. (7)
22 Perhaps one true form which is on the way. (2, 5)
23 Derides whatever was wanted. (7)
24 Lent before one of these? (It's a sort of tessera.) (7)

DOWN

1 Such acid is hydrocyanic. (7)
2 Tosca's villain. (7)
3 Where the true and the brave never complain about being this. (5, 3, 7)
4 Pictures and other features do. (7)
5 Such duty might easily lead to it. (7)
6 It does, every four years at least. (8, 7)
7 Some singers give it this, and a lot more. (7)
8 A ruler might make part of such a line. (7)
14 What people who are 3 might be likely to lie about. (7)
15 Dispatched in legal matters. (7)
16 Resolute Spanish hero caught in the act! (7)
17 Either strings along with it, or won't play! (7)
18 Undertakers do. (7)
19 He worked on a near-eastern job, until it was ditched. (7)

—⊕—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 288

ACROSS:—1 DOUBLE FAULT; 9 FIREBUGS; 10 MANORS; 11 ELYSIUM; 12 ARSENIC; 15 FIREBOAT; 17 DISPATCH; 20 SKIRTS; 22 PREMIUM; 24 SOLACES; 26 CATNIP; 27 ANGLICAN; 28 ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.

DOWN:—2 OVERSLEEP; 3 BOUQUET; 4 EAST; 5 ADMIRER; 6 LANCE; 7 RIALTO; 8 EROICA; 16 BRIGADIER; 18 INROAD; 19 TRUMPET; 20 STOPGAP; 21 THEBAN; 23 MANON; 25 WAKE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

to my knowledge any objective student of the proceedings disagreed with the results of Clay's study. The real trouble seems to lie in the inadequacy of the proceedings. The grave errors in the handling of the case seem all to have been made before General Clay was even in command of the European theater. This conclusion, incidentally, cannot but appear plausible to persons like Mr. Padover and the present writer, who saw something of the army's disgraceful handling of war-crimes investigations and trials in 1945.

If, then, the trial in 1945 was hopelessly bungled, we should stop attacking the present commander for fulfilling the requirements of the army regulations, and consider rather how America's integrity and good name can now best be redeemed. We cannot hide behind three-year-old legal technicalities but must be ready, if necessary, to take an extraordinary and unprecedented step to see that justice is done. It has been stated in the press that evidence concerning crimes committed by Frau Koch before December 7, 1941, was barred from the trial. As Mr. Padover reports, Koch was transferred from Buchenwald to Lublin two months later. If this is so, why doesn't President Truman publicly brand this case as one unique in legal history, and even, if necessary, t h r o w the time-honored double-jeopardy principle to the winds and order a new trial? Such a move, which lies within the province of Washington but not of an army officer in the field, would be the only way to save our good name. We shall not improve our good name by making vicious and unfair attacks upon one of the most democratic military governors in history.

Mr. Padover performed no service to the readers of *The Nation* by his attack—which also included an unsubstantiated innuendo to the effect that "the United States is now building up Germany, and even criminal Nazis are no longer being treated as criminals." He could perform a great service by turning his experience and abilities to a fair, critical study of Clay's whole record as a military governor.

There is much to be told about American Military Government's fairness to the Communist Party of Germany. The American public needs to know much more about the reasons why, at the risk of being hooted down as quislings, Socialist Party (S. P. D.) leaders in the American zone publicly speak in defense of General Clay. I refer to such internationally distinguished Socialists as

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Erwin Schöttle, chairman of the Württemberg-Baden S. P. D., Walter von Knöringen, chairman of the Bavarian S. P. D., and Wilhelm Kaisen, S. P. D. Minister-President of Bremen. General Clay's record on civil rights, labor unions, educational reform, and socialism should be examined to find out what led Christian Paulmann, Bremen's Socialist Minister of Culture, to remark last week to the present writer that Clay was the one military governor in Germany who was working for the best interests of the German people. There was a reason for the disappointment experienced last March by German conservatives when the announcement that Clay was to stay on indefinitely dashed their hopes of leniency in denazification.

If Mr. Padover were to bring us reports on the very real support General Clay has given to the democratic middle-of-the-road and left-wing elements of Germany, he would be doing us a great service. He would also give encouragement to liberal Military Government officials who have felt for some time, as I did, that they were working toward imperfect but essentially sound, democratic objectives, and who have missed the support and the informed, constructive criticism which they had hoped for from liberals in the United States.

EDWARD T. LADD

New Haven, Conn., November 10

[Mr. Ladd, a teaching assistant in the Education Department at Yale University, was a war-time agent of the Counter Intelligence Corps in Germany and, after the war, a branch chief of the Education Division of the American Military Government in Bremen.—EDITORS THE NATION]

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CORRECTION: In his article on Edmund Wilson in the issue of October 16, Irving Howe referred to an essay on Wilson by Leslie A. Fiedler. Owing to a misprint the essay was noted as having appeared in the *New World*. It appeared in the *New Leader* for December 13, 1947.

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